

and all the principalities and powers, pale their ineffectual fires before the soul-compelling energy of Mr. Stead's pencil. As for the world of spirits, it recedes into an insignificance of which the gentlemen who direct the performances of the tambourines must be acutely conscious.

THE FAIR MAID OF FEBRUARY.

"TO look up and behold the Heavens, Man hath a notable disadvantage in the Eyelid; whereof the upper is far greater than the lower which abridgeth the sight upwards: contrary to those of Birds, who herein have the advantage of Man: Inasmuch that the learned Plempius is bold to affirm, that if he had had the formation of the Eyelids, he would have contrived them quite otherwise." Thus good Sir Thomas Brown, and, in consequence of his quaint reasoning, may it not be urged by lovers of horticulture that man is specially intended to gaze earthwards, to take particular pleasure in the flowers which deck the earth, to "consider the lilies," in fact? Surely the astrologer of French fable might have escaped his fate of stepping into a well had he been searching for wild flowers. Meanwhile, even the most crusty philosopher if, when taking his morning constitutional, he comes upon the "firstling of the year" (a title which the snowdrop somewhat victoriously disputes with the primrose), may be found to unbend, and smile a pleased greeting. The snowdrop gladdens us, first-born of Spring that it is, like a first joy, a first love, its white garment shining all the whiter because of the tracts of desolate brown earth around, its tender leaves doubly acceptable because there is no other green newness of vegetation present.

In the "language of flowers" the snowdrop symbolises Hope, sometimes also Consolation. After long winter and long dearth of flowers and foliage, it is delightful to behold the return of Spring, a sight which, as we grow older, deepens and intensifies instead of lessening in our minds. The flower of the blackthorn is not specially beautiful, yet, when it blooms in our bare hedges, whilst young lambs bleat in the fields and birds begin to build their nests, it seems to us very lovely; more to be appreciated, indeed, than many of the blossoming trees and bushes bursting forth in luxuriant groups during balmy May and June. Snowdrop is a comparatively modern name, and the plant is not generally considered to be a wild flower in England. Its prettiest name with us was that of "fair maid of February," a name bestowed because of the usual appearance of the white blooms about the date of the feast of the Purification, or Candlemas, at which festival (placed formerly, like all others, twelve days later than now) the custom was for girls, dressed in white, to walk in procession. According to the adage:—

"The snowdrop in purest white array
First rears her head on Candlemas Day."

Further, "the snowdrop is one flower of many once held sacred to the Virgin, and it is linked with her, so monkish legends say, because it blossoms in the winter in memory of her first visit to the Temple with the infant Christ."* A curious ceremony existed in olden times, the "fair maids of February" being so particularly consecrated to the Virgin that one day in each year her image was removed from above the altar and the empty place strewn with snowdrops, emblems of holiness and virginal purity. Another name for the snowdrop is the helmet-flower. Wordsworth writes of—

"Frail snowdrops that together cling
And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing
Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by."

In many parts of northern Europe, the poor snowdrop is called summer-gowk (meaning summer

dupe or fool), because it makes its appearance in answer to the first sunshine of the year, deluded, so to speak, into the belief that summer is at hand. One of Hans Andersen's stories is founded on this nick-name. A snowdrop peeps through the snow, although "it was weather to freeze it to pieces, such a delicate little flower! But there was more strength in it than it knew of. It was strong in its glad faith in the summer that must be near; for thus its own heart had foretold it, and the sunbeams had confirmed the tale, and so with patient hope it stood in its white dress in the white snow, bowing its head when the flakes fell thick and heavy, and when icy blasts came driving over it." The flower, gathered, passed betwixt the hands of lovers, flung away, and finally placed in a book of poems, is found again after a lapse of years. "So," says the reader, 'here is a summer-gowk! Not without a meaning does it lie here. Was not the poet also a summer-gowk, a poet-gowk, and so he had to face sharp winds and sleet?'"

Snowdrops in England were formerly called Bulbous Violets. Under this head Gerard has some graceful illustrations of snowdrops, already so named occasionally, as he acknowledges. He says "These plants doe growe wilde in Italie, and the places adjacent; notwithstanding, our London gardens have taken possession of them manie yeares past." The Italians call the flower *Pianterella*, the French *Perce-neige*, and the Germans *Schneeglöckchen*. It is general in most European countries, and—according to Anne Pratt—"Dr. E. D. Clarke saw it on Mount Helicon." As for the planting and careful consideration of such bulbs, a dear old gardener, known to the present writer, used to say: "Lay 'im up by the heels all summer, put 'im in a hole in autumn, and he'll do the rest for hisself." In regard to the modern name, some writers argue that the word drop is not intended—as we understand it—to mean a drop of frozen rain or snow, but rather to express an ornament, such as an ear-drop, something more similar to *schnee-glockchen*, or snow-bell, in fact. Despite such reasoning, however, it is as a little idealised fleck or flake of snow that our favourite snowdrop first appears to us from betwixt its green leaves, growing into a live flower as *Galatea* grew into warm human life from her white marble coldness.

Mr. Thiselton Dyer records an old legend which tells how, after the fall of man, no flower bloomed in Eden, and Eve wept and mourned over the barren earth, whilst snowstorms raged around. But an angel was sent to comfort her in her grief, and, even as he spoke, he stretched out his hand and caught a falling flake of snow, and breathed upon it, and when he loosed it, and it touched the earth, it bloomed and became a sweet white flower, which was to Eve more beautiful than all the flowers of Paradise which she had known and lost. And the angel said:—

"This is an earnest, Eve, to thee
That sun and summer soon shall be."

Then, as he passed from her sight, in his place there stood a garland of blossoming snowdrops. That this flower is an emblem of purity its name evidences, for nothing is so pure, so cold, so dazzlingly white as fresh-fallen snow. The brilliant purity of it makes all else seem dull and dark. I remember a poem wherein the plumage of white doves is described as grey by contrast when seen upon glittering snow. Already mentioned as a symbol of hope, these

"... harbingers of Spring—
A sort of link between dumb life and light,"

are also tokens of spiritual hope:

"Out of the snow, the snowdrop;
Out of Death comes Life."

Nay, more. For whilst, as in almost all folk traditions, there is a gloomy side to the snowdrop, and in many parts of rural England a single Spring flower, *e.g.*, a snowdrop, violet, daffodil, or primrose,

* "Rambles of a Dominic." F. Knight.

must not be carried into a house at a season when the plant first comes into blossom, or, it is said, ill-luck is sure to follow, we may consider the white-clad "herald" to be not merely a promise of future Spring, but a type of compensation for "the Winter of our discontent."

"He who wintry hours hath given,
With the snow gives snowdrops birth;
And while angels sing in heaven,
God hears the robins sing on earth."

THE MODERN PRESS.

VI. — "THE WEEKLY SUN."

THE remarkable man who, having founded the *Star* and then the *Sunday Sun*, has now founded the *Weekly Sun*, and promises in a few brief months to illuminate the metropolitan firmament with an *Evening Sun* (his fondness for the heavenly bodies is perhaps characteristic of the meteoric brilliancy of his journalism), has for some years now been quite an institution in English public life. As politician and journalist, mellifluous orator and picturesque descriptive writer, Irish obstructionist and Radical agitator, biographer, translator, critic, we have had to consider him in many aspects, and have done so from time to time with somewhat puzzled feelings. Not always, let it be avowed, have Englishmen been willing to suffer "Tay Pay" gladly. There were those who were heard to resent the notion of this expansive Irishman coming over, like a Goth to old Rome, and making London his toy. Some criticised his taste, and didn't like it; others—as if in that he were an exception among politicians—said he was egotistical. But all that was before T. P. was understood as well as he is now; or rather, to put it better, it was before he conquered us. We are conquered now: under the spell of the honied brogue, the genial smile, and the shrewd, sane, knowledgeable, good-humoured way of looking at life and its depressing problems; and whatever else we may think or feel about T. P., we are ready to suffer him most gladly. Who in "politics or society" would now be without his racy paper of a Sunday morning? It has become a sort of necessity of public life, as he has himself. His cheery optimism is a tonic to dull livers, whether we meet it there in print or beaming across a dinner-table; for it is the optimism not of a gushing enthusiast—or, as he might say himself, of a "slushy philanthropist"—but of an able and case-hardened man-of-the-world, who has no illusions, and who gives himself no pragmatism airs. This fortunate temperament has enabled T. P. to live down all the prejudices which he had against him when he started. In the House he is now as popular with his opponents as he is with his friends; and his friends inside and outside of Parliament have become legion. Even Mr. *Punch*, who was not too kindly-minded when he first immortalised him as "Tay Pay," has taken him to his bosom. It would be as hard now to imagine our House of Commons and our Press without their "Tay Pay," as it would be to conceive them without their Labby.

Mr. O'Connor has, in fact, grown upon us. We have found that there is more in him, both as politician and as journalist, than at first we were perhaps inclined to believe. He is both able and sincere, with not more of the personal equation in his motive force than seems a necessary part of the machinery of all successful politicians. His sympathies are genuinely democratic. His impulses are generous, and, on the whole, sound; and his energies are something phenomenal. A good deal might be said of him as a politician, and as an English as distinguished from an Irish politician. He has done good work, as well as hard and tireless work, both with his voice and his pen. With his founding of the *Star* his was certainly the first big trumpet-blast to awaken the dormant Liberalism of London. But his politics do not concern us here.

We have to deal with him mainly as a literary man, and in that capacity he is sufficiently interesting. Mr. O'Connor passes in the common opinion as *par excellence* the facile journalist: a man who can reel you off yards of brilliant diction on almost any subject, at a moment's notice, without thinking or pausing; and that, no doubt, he is. But this facility generally implies the idea of shallowness and superficiality, and it oftener than not flourishes on an imperfectly cultivated soil. It would be a great mistake to deduce a notion of superficiality from the copious eloquence of T. P. As a matter of fact he is both a vigorous thinker in politics and literature, a critic of lucid judgment, and a man of ripe and wide culture, grounded upon a sound education. Before he embarked on the hardships of that struggle in the humbler ranks of journalism of which he is so pleasantly proud, he had had the inestimable advantage of a University training; and his college career was distinguished. He took several scholarships, one of the highest of post-graduate prizes, and he became an M.A. of the Queen's University. With this he has been endowed by Nature with some rare literary gifts: a singularly impressionable organisation, and a talent for recording his impressions with instant and vivid force; a sensitiveness to the dramatic issues and the hidden meanings of a situation; an insight into character—not always true perhaps, but invariably interesting; and a fertile brain for ideas generally of the order the French call *prime sautier*. It is amusing to see the advice he sometimes gives in his paper—apparently in all sincerity—to aspiring journalists who write to him asking how they may become T. P.'s. He warns them against imitating "those unhappy creatures who are so afraid of not being exactly correct in every syllable as to stand shivering on the brink of a sentence"—an expression, by the way, curiously like something M. Zola said the other day about his own literary methods. "Write whenever and wherever you can," says T. P.; "and always write in a hurry." This may be good advice for a man who has not only plenty of ideas, but who has these always ready, and who has an unhesitating command of language; and in T. P.'s own case the method, no doubt, results in giving his writing that sense of "palpitating actuality" which is its chief charm. But T. P., in bestowing this counsel, forgets that he is an exceptional man. He has not to "loaf and invite his soul" as others have before beginning to write. We believe he can sit down at a type-writer any hour of the day or night, and in any place, and rattle off most excellent "copy" as fast as Paderewski might play the piano. There is no sound, he says, so pleasant to his ears while he is at work as the whirr of machinery coming up to him from the printing-room of a newspaper office. He is, in truth, a journalist born, not made. It is his methods, nevertheless, which betray him into his chief literary fault—a sort of exuberant carelessness which would shake the nerves of a precisian. Only a style with remarkable vitality in it could survive such treatment without degenerating into mere slapdash. Instead of degenerating, Mr. O'Connor's English strikes us as being now mellower and firmer than it used to be. Some of his "Book of the Week" reviews in the *Weekly Sun* are marvellously well written. In these, by the way, which have been so attractive a feature of his paper, he has developed a form of criticism entirely his own—unaffected, unpedantic, almost unliterary, just the frank talk of a cultured man-of-the-world chatting with a friend about the last new book. And yet from those *déjà* conversations there often flash remarks which the most perspicuous of "autoritaire" critics might envy. We remember, for a recent example, a summing-up of Mr. Henry James's style, which is about the happiest word on that subtle matter we have yet seen.

It is, however, as a Parliamentary *chroniqueur* that T. P. is pre-eminent. It has been well remarked

that the difference between him and other describers of Parliamentary scenes is that he seems to describe from within, while the others write simply from the outside. This is true, and we believe it is a fact which will be better appreciated by-and-by, when the records of these times are searched for materials for history, than perhaps it is just now. Mr. O'Connor transfers to his page not merely the varying aspects, but the varying moods and passions of the House; the undercurrent of tragedy which so often runs through its proceedings throbs again in his eloquent sentences. He is himself of its life; there have been few of its great events for many years of which he cannot say *quorum pars fui*. His mind is stored with memories which enrich the background of his pictures, and help him to invest politics with an atmosphere of romance which quite belongs to them, but which generally escapes less appreciative observers. Take, for example, from last Sunday's *Weekly Sun* the following little passage on Lord Randolph Churchill:—

Even the solid and united ranks of the Tories are broken by one figure that was once the most potent among them all. I was strangely moved at a theatre, a week or so ago, as I looked at Lord Randolph Churchill. I remember him twelve years ago—a mere boy in appearance, with clean-shaven face, dapper and slight figure, the alertness and grace of youth, and a skin smooth as the cheek of a maiden. And now—bearded, slightly stooped, with lines deep as the wrinkles of octogenarian years, he sometimes looks like the grandfather of his youthful self. It is in the deep-set, brilliant eyes that you still see all the fire of his extraordinary political genius, and the embers that may quickly burst into flame of all the passion and force of a violently strong character. For the moment he sits silent and expectant. He has even refused to take his rightful place among the leaders of the party on the Front Opposition Bench. Still, he sits in the corner immediately behind, which is the spectral throne of exiled rulers. He has the power of all strong natures of creating around him an atmosphere of uncertainty, apprehension, and fear. Of all the many problems of this Session of probably fierce personal conflict, this is the most unreadable sphinx.

There it is: a purist might find fault with that last sentence; but no man but T. P. could give us such a picture. There is in the same issue a striking passage portraying a mood of the Old Man in which his voice with a trace of hoarseness in it is described as having "a fine roll, the roll of a wave on a pebbly beach in an autumn evening" (a touch of genuine poetry); and the curious reader might collate with that for a description of another kind a paragraph relating to Mr. Johnston, of Ballykilbeg. We do not hesitate to call such passages as these literature, apart even from the historical value which they are one day bound to have. The man who can write them possesses a talent which at such moments falls little short of genius.

THE DRAMA.

"BECKET."

THE usual method of analysing a play is by an examination of its elements to the neglect of their arrangement, by taking the characters out of their stage environment and holding them up betwixt finger and thumb for the inspection of their motives and consistency—by considering, in short, not how the play strikes us at the time, but what we deduce from it the next morning. Many critics have been applying this process to the Lyceum *Becket*, pointing out gaps or queer places in the hero's character, a lack of organic relationship between the two stories of the play—the Becket story and the Rosamund story—and so forth. But whatever advantages this familiar process may possess, it has the grave disadvantage of misrepresenting the direct impression made by the play on our minds at the moment of its performance. Now it was for just that impression and no other that the play was written; or, at least, that the play was performed. Thus it is—I am tired of insisting on

the point—with impressions, not afterthoughts, that the critic should, in common fairness, concern himself; and therefore I propose to consider nothing but the performance of the play as we get it at the Lyceum.

My feeling at the outset is one of slight disappointment. The first scene, a mere back-cloth, purporting to be a chamber in some Norman castle, is paltry, and the conversation between Queen Eleanor and Fitzurse by no means striking. We hear of Rosamund and the King's infatuation for her; but the eye, rather than the ear, is interested, fastening itself on the strange mummy-like swathings of Miss Genevieve Ward's head-dress. Miss Ward, one remembers, has a fine head; the gear of the twelfth century is fatal to its contours. The next scene prompts one, by contrast, to an involuntary "Ah!" of delight. We are on the ramparts of the Norman Castle, looking down upon a far-stretching plain studded with villages and church-towers, undulating with pleasant hills, watered by a winding river. On the right is an harbour, its trellis-work interlaced by a vine. In the centre sit Henry and Becket at their game of chess. The King is lithe, jaunty, and inclined to shout. Mr. Terriss, one remembers, is generally inclined to shout. Becket, in his rich flowing chancellor's robes, is quiet, reserved, courtier-like; he acquiesces with a smile in the King's description of him as

"A doter on white pheasant-flesh at feasts,
A dish-designer, and most amorous
Of good old red sound liberal Gascon wine."

But he becomes graver when he hears of Theobald's death, his "heart is full of tears," and even solemn when the King nominates him to Canterbury in Theobald's place. One notes that; and one notes Mr. Terriss's agility as he leaps over the table—"A-hawking, a-hawking! If I sit, I grow fat."

In the next scene we can see from Becket's face and bearing he has put on a new man. And yet I am not so sure. It has been said that the great transformation of Becket's character from courtier and king's friend to champion of the Church has not been properly managed by the dramatist—that it takes place behind the scenes. But, after all, the transformation is only external. Becket is the same man as before: the strong man who will go steadfastly through with the business that lies nearest to his hand. He was the faithful servant of the King; he is now the faithful servant of the King of Kings. And he serves his new Master much in the same way as the old, as bursar and steward, with a keen eye on the revenues, not the spiritual power, of the Church.

"Her livings, her advowsons, granges, farms,
And goodly acres—we will make her whole;
Not one rood lost."

But these are afterthoughts; all we think of at the time is the white, set, rather weary face of Becket, his calm dignity, his air of power. It is plain even at this early stage that Mr. Irving is going to make a most impressive figure of Thomas Becket. It is also plain that Miss Ellen Terry's Rosamund is going to be entirely and delightfully—Terryish. She skips about the stage with childlike glee. And it appears that the familiar monitory gesture of arm and forefinger—a gesture to be found in every member of the Terry family—was already a feminine grace in the twelfth century. The talk of the old man unbending to the sprightly girl reminds me of Richelieu and Julie. The scene shifts—for this, as you have been told on all hands, is in form, or the lack of form, an Elizabethan chronicle play—to Northampton, a quaint street-view, seen beneath a fine circular arch making one great sweep across the stage, and then to the Hall in Northampton Castle, wherein a bustling, brawling crowd of bishops, barons, templars, men-at-arms, priests, and pages is grouped with the usual Lyceum skill. Becket's quiet, stately entry, amid the general din, is a clever

influence upon each other, gives reality and spirit to their discussions, even when very few are present. A small number of members comfortably disposed about the benches, say in Committee of Supply, make a very nice audience in the House of Commons. Nobody knows this better than Mr. Labouchere. He himself, who is, after all, one of the working members of the House, would be one of the worst sufferers from the improvements which he advocates. The cosy little audience, for example, on which he can rely to keep him in countenance when he raises that promised discussion on Uganda on the Estimates would be utterly lost in a much larger chamber: the chill waste of empty benches before and behind him would be simply withering. The question, in one word, seems to be whether the House is to be made uncomfortable for nine-tenths of the session for its workers in order that its idlers may enjoy themselves in it luxuriously for a few nights. The House hitherto has always answered that question in the rational way. New considerations have cropped up this time with regard to the shape of the chamber; but that, as Mr. Kipling says, is another story.

MR. STEAD AND THE SPIRITUALISTS.

IT is said that the prospect of Mr. Stead's accession to the ranks of the Spiritualists is not welcomed by that body with extravagant enthusiasm. They have, indeed, no little cause for apprehension. Hitherto Spiritualism has conducted communications with the unseen world on the assumption that spirits either do not know more than mortals, or that they are forbidden, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, to unfold their secrets. We have heard Spiritualists account for the exceedingly bald messages from eminent personages who have quitted the flesh by the impossibility of any medium of intercourse which would make clear to our finite intelligence, still enclosed in its earthly envelope, the marvels which are now familiar to the disembodied consciousness of Julius Cæsar or Oliver Cromwell. This certainly explains the common-places which the spirits of defunct eminence consider quite good enough for curious inquirers sitting hand-in-hand in a dark room. There must be a good deal of commiseration, not unmixed with contempt, on the part of the immortals for the searchers after truth who are content to hear raps on the table or to be banged on the head with tambourines. The average orthodoxy of the Spiritualist is well represented by the clergyman who recites his experience in these moving terms: "For nearly two consecutive hours a deeply interesting conversation respecting the present and the future life, and the subject of spirit intercourse, was thus carried on between the living and the dead, until the power failed, and the voices with parting greetings died away." This was a beautiful experience, because the deeply interesting conversation evidently did no more than confirm the narrator's preconceived ideas. He found that he knew quite as much as the spirits who were so obliging as to agree with him on every point, either out of compassion for his limitations or because they were not permitted to freeze his ecclesiastical blood. But if the other world is unable or unwilling to impart to us any new ideas, the advantages of spirit intercourse are distinctly overrated.

It need scarcely be said that Mr. Stead is not the man for orthodox Spiritualism. He wants the occult agency to do something very definite and entirely original. He is absolutely sincere, but his sincerity is not the passive quality which has a great deal of spare time for dark *séances*. Mr. Stead is in a hurry to make the world better than he finds it. Moreover, he is a journalist whose instinct is revolted by stale twaddle from supposed spirits who announce themselves in this fashion: "Good-evening, my dear

friends; I am so glad to meet you all. The power is weak at present, but I shall be able to speak better by-and-by." It is natural that Mr. Stead should disdain the agency of the ordinary medium, and should put himself in communication with the intelligence of a departed journalist. When she was in this life "Julia" was thoroughly alive to her business, and now she is in a sphere where printers and typewriters are unnecessary she still craves to work the great machine of journalism through one of its most eminent hands. That there should be a bond between "Julia" and Mr. Stead is perfectly reasonable, but, so far, it has produced exceedingly small results. We have no desire to dash Mr. Stead's enthusiasm, but he must be perfectly aware that "Julia," though she has the best intentions, and is as affable a spirit as a ghost-seeker could desire, does not communicate anything of staggering moment. She tells him that he will not go to Preston to see a printing-machine, and he does not go. This is interesting, but it is not omniscience. Indeed, "Julia" is perfectly frank about her limited capacity. "Sometimes she is able to see what is going to happen, but she is not allowed to communicate. Sometimes she is permitted to communicate such information, and at other times she doesn't know anything at all about it any more than we do." That is straightforward, but disappointing. "Julia" does not make predictions about the Home Rule Bill like a spook of our acquaintance. Probably prudence as well as candour prevents her from indulging in speculations as to whom a mere mortal may commit his credit for a new hat. But if "Julia," with all her aptitude for journalism, *plus* disembodiment, cannot divine the secrets that ought to make her earthly confidant a supreme oracle, how long will Mr. Stead be content to learn nothing more momentous than that a contemplated railway journey will be abandoned?

If this were all, the orthodox Spiritualist might take comfort and say, "This man would pluck out the heart of our mysteries; he would sound spirits from the lowest note to the top of their compass, and yet is as easily played upon by 'Julia' as we are by our mystic raps. Go to!" But Mr. Stead is in a fair way to perfect a mode of communication which ought to supersede Spiritualism altogether. It is plain that the spirits can tell us nothing of stupendous importance which it boots us to know; but what if we can establish telepathic intercourse with our fellow-mortals? The Julias of spiritual journalism must be devoured by jealousy at the bare idea. Mr. Stead sits at his desk and wonders why his secretary is late. His hand, directed by some volition not his own, writes the words, "I am here;" the door opens, and lo! the secretary appears. Mr. Stead goes to meet a friend at a railway station. The train is delayed. Out come pencil and a slip of paper from Mr. Stead's pocket, and immediately the friend explains that the train is rounding a curve close at hand. Sure enough, the next moment the friend arrives, quite unconscious, by the way, of having sent any message to Mr. Stead. This facility for extracting information from people without their knowledge is manifestly of immense utility. The journalist is constantly irritated by the unwillingness of distinguished persons to make a clean breast of it, and if Mr. Stead, by the simple operation of taking pencil and paper, could receive from Mr. Gladstone a revelation of the Home Rule Bill, while the Prime Minister remained blissfully unconscious that the secret had gone out of him, there would be a revolution in the whole world of psychology. A newspaper thus conducted would hold the fortunes of dynasties and nations in the hollow of its editor's hand; and this, we presume, is the aim of Mr. Stead's ambition. It is wonderful enough that he should receive messages deliberately despatched like brain-waves from distant correspondents, but while this phenomenon promises considerable benefits for the common enjoyment, the other threatens to be the arbitrary monopoly of Mr. Stead. The Papacy itself,

and all the principalities and powers, pale their ineffectual fires before the soul-compelling energy of Mr. Stead's pencil. As for the world of spirits, it recedes into an insignificance of which the gentlemen who direct the performances of the tambourines must be acutely conscious.

THE FAIR MAID OF FEBRUARY.

"TO look up and behold the Heavens, Man hath a notable disadvantage in the Eyelid; whereof the upper is far greater than the lower which abridgeth the sight upwards: contrary to those of Birds, who herein have the advantage of Man: Inasmuch that the learned Plempius is bold to affirm, that if he had had the formation of the Eyelids, he would have contrived them quite otherwise." Thus good Sir Thomas Brown, and, in consequence of his quaint reasoning, may it not be urged by lovers of horticulture that man is specially intended to gaze earthwards, to take particular pleasure in the flowers which deck the earth, to "consider the lilies," in fact? Surely the astrologer of French fable might have escaped his fate of stepping into a well had he been searching for wild flowers. Meanwhile, even the most crusty philosopher if, when taking his morning constitutional, he comes upon the "firstling of the year" (a title which the snowdrop somewhat victoriously disputes with the primrose), may be found to unbend, and smile a pleased greeting. The snowdrop gladdens us, first-born of Spring that it is, like a first joy, a first love, its white garment shining all the whiter because of the tracts of desolate brown earth around, its tender leaves doubly acceptable because there is no other green newness of vegetation present.

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"The snowdrop in purest white array
First rears her head on Candlemas Day."

Further, "the snowdrop is one flower of many once held sacred to the Virgin, and it is linked with her, so monkish legends say, because it blossoms in the winter in memory of her first visit to the Temple with the infant Christ."* A curious ceremony existed in olden times, the "fair maids of February" being so particularly consecrated to the Virgin that one day in each year her image was removed from above the altar and the empty place strewn with snowdrops, emblems of holiness and virginal purity. Another name for the snowdrop is the helmet-flower. Wordsworth writes of—

"Frail snowdrops that together cling
And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing
Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by."

In many parts of northern Europe, the poor snowdrop is called *summer-gowk* (meaning summer

dupe or fool), because it makes its appearance in answer to the first sunshine of the year, deluded, so to speak, into the belief that summer is at hand. One of Hans Andersen's stories is founded on this nick-name. A snowdrop peeps through the snow, although "it was weather to freeze it to pieces, such a delicate little flower! But there was more strength in it than it knew of. It was strung in its glad faith in the summer that must be near; for thus its own heart had foretold it, and the sunbeams had confirmed the tale, and so with patient hope it stood in its white dress in the white snow, bowing its head when the flakes fell thick and heavy, and when icy blasts came driving over it." The flower, gathered, passed betwixt the hands of lovers, flung away, and finally placed in a book of poems, is found again after a lapse of years. "'So,' says the reader, 'here is a summer-gowk! Not without a meaning does it lie here. Was not the poet also a summer-gowk, a poet-gowk, and so he had to face sharp winds and sleet?'"

Snowdrops in England were formerly called *Bulbous Violets*. Under this head Gerard has some graceful illustrations of snowdrops, already so named occasionally, as he acknowledges. He says "These plants doe growe wilde in Italie, and the places adjacent; notwithstanding, our London gardens have taken possession of them manie yeares past." The Italians call the flower *Pianterella*, the French *Perce-neige*, and the Germans *Schneeglöckchen*. It is general in most European countries, and—according to Anne Pratt—"Dr. E. D. Clarke saw it on Mount Helicon." As for the planting and careful consideration of such bulbs, a dear old gardener, known to the present writer, used to say: "Lay 'im up by the heels all summer, put 'im in a hole in autumn, and he'll do the rest for hisself." In regard to the modern name, some writers argue that the word *drop* is not intended—as we understand it—to mean a drop of frozen rain or snow, but rather to express an ornament, such as an ear-drop, something more similar to *schnee-glockchen*, or *snow-bell*, in fact. Despite such reasoning, however, it is as a little idealised fleck or flake of snow that our favourite snowdrop first appears to us from betwixt its green leaves, growing into a live flower as *Galatea* grew into warm human life from her white marble coldness.

Mr. Thiselton Dyer records an old legend which tells how, after the fall of man, no flower bloomed in Eden, and Eve wept and mourned over the barren earth, whilst snowstorms raged around. But an angel was sent to comfort her in her grief, and, even as he spoke, he stretched out his hand and caught a falling flake of snow, and breathed upon it, and when he loosed it, and it touched the earth, it bloomed and became a sweet white flower, which was to Eve more beautiful than all the flowers of Paradise which she had known and lost. And the angel said:—

"This is an earnest, Eve, to thee
That sun and summer soon shall be."

Then, as he passed from her sight, in his place there stood a garland of blossoming snowdrops. That this flower is an emblem of purity its name evidences, for nothing is so pure, so cold, so dazzlingly white as fresh-fallen snow. The brilliant purity of it makes all else seem dull and dark. I remember a poem wherein the plumage of white doves is described as grey by contrast when seen upon glittering snow. Already mentioned as a symbol of hope, these

"... harbingers of Spring—
A sort of link between dumb life and light,"

are also tokens of spiritual hope:

"Out of the snow, the snowdrop;
Out of Death comes Life."

Nay, more. For whilst, as in almost all folk traditions, there is a gloomy side to the snowdrop, and in many parts of rural England a single Spring flower, *e.g.*, a snowdrop, violet, daffodil, or primrose,

* "Rambles of a Dominic." F. Knight.

must not be carried into a house at a season when the plant first comes into blossom, or, it is said, ill-luck is sure to follow, we may consider the white-clad "herald" to be not merely a promise of future Spring, but a type of compensation for "the Winter of our discontent."

"He who wintry hours hath given,
With the snow gives snowdrops birth;
And while angels sing in heaven,
God hears the robins sing on earth."

THE MODERN PRESS.

VI.—"THE WEEKLY SUN."

THE remarkable man who, having founded the *Star* and then the *Sunday Sun*, has now founded the *Weekly Sun*, and promises in a few brief months to illuminate the metropolitan firmament with an *Evening Sun* (his fondness for the heavenly bodies is perhaps characteristic of the meteoric brilliancy of his journalism), has for some years now been quite an institution in English public life. As politician and journalist, mellifluous orator and picturesque descriptive writer, Irish obstructionist and Radical agitator, biographer, translator, critic, we have had to consider him in many aspects, and have done so from time to time with somewhat puzzled feelings. Not always, let it be avowed, have Englishmen been willing to suffer "Tay Pay" gladly. There were those who were heard to resent the notion of this expansive Irishman coming over, like a Goth to old Rome, and making London his toy. Some criticised his taste, and didn't like it; others—as if in that he were an exception among politicians—said he was egotistical. But all that was before T. P. was understood as well as he is now; or rather, to put it better, it was before he conquered us. We are conquered now: under the spell of the honied brogue, the genial smile, and the shrewd, sane, knowledgeable, good-humoured way of looking at life and its depressing problems; and whatever else we may think or feel about T. P., we are ready to suffer him most gladly. Who in "politics or society" would now be without his racy paper of a Sunday morning? It has become a sort of necessity of public life, as he has himself. His cheery optimism is a tonic to dull livers, whether we meet it there in print or beaming across a dinner-table; for it is the optimism not of a gushing enthusiast—or, as he might say himself, of a "slushy philanthropist"—but of an able and case-hardened man-of-the-world, who has no illusions, and who gives himself no pragmatical airs. This fortunate temperament has enabled T. P. to live down all the prejudices which he had against him when he started. In the House he is now as popular with his opponents as he is with his friends; and his friends inside and outside of Parliament have become legion. Even Mr. *Punch*, who was not too kindly-minded when he first immortalised him as "Tay Pay," has taken him to his bosom. It would be as hard now to imagine our House of Commons and our Press without their "Tay Pay," as it would be to conceive them without their Labby.

Mr. O'Connor has, in fact, grown upon us. We have found that there is more in him, both as politician and as journalist, than at first we were perhaps inclined to believe. He is both able and sincere, with not more of the personal equation in his motive force than seems a necessary part of the machinery of all successful politicians. His sympathies are genuinely democratic. His impulses are generous, and, on the whole, sound; and his energies are something phenomenal. A good deal might be said of him as a politician, and as an English as distinguished from an Irish politician. He has done good work, as well as hard and tireless work, both with his voice and his pen. With his founding of the *Star* his was certainly the first big trumpet-blast to awaken the dormant Liberalism of London. But his politics do not concern us here.

We have to deal with him mainly as a literary man, and in that capacity he is sufficiently interesting. Mr. O'Connor passes in the common opinion as *par excellence* the facile journalist: a man who can reel you off yards of brilliant diction on almost any subject, at a moment's notice, without thinking or pausing; and that, no doubt, he is. But this facility generally implies the idea of shallowness and superficiality, and it oftener than not flourishes on an imperfectly cultivated soil. It would be a great mistake to deduce a notion of superficiality from the copious eloquence of T. P. As a matter of fact he is both a vigorous thinker in politics and literature, a critic of lucid judgment, and a man of ripe and wide culture, grounded upon a sound education. Before he embarked on the hardships of that struggle in the humbler ranks of journalism of which he is so pleasantly proud, he had had the inestimable advantage of a University training; and his college career was distinguished. He took several scholarships, one of the highest of post-graduate prizes, and he became an M.A. of the Queen's University. With this he has been endowed by Nature with some rare literary gifts: a singularly impressionable organisation, and a talent for recording his impressions with instant and vivid force; a sensitiveness to the dramatic issues and the hidden meanings of a situation; an insight into character—not always true perhaps, but invariably interesting; and a fertile brain for ideas generally of the order the French call *prime sautier*. It is amusing to see the advice he sometimes gives in his paper—apparently in all sincerity—to aspiring journalists who write to him asking how they may become T. P.'s. He warns them against imitating "those unhappy creatures who are so afraid of not being exactly correct in every syllable as to stand shivering on the brink of a sentence"—an expression, by the way, curiously like something M. Zola said the other day about his own literary methods. "Write whenever and wherever you can," says T. P.; "and always write in a hurry." This may be good advice for a man who has not only plenty of ideas, but who has these always ready, and who has an unhesitating command of language; and in T. P.'s own case the method, no doubt, results in giving his writing that sense of "palpitating actuality" which is its chief charm. But T. P., in bestowing this counsel, forgets that he is an exceptional man. He has not to "loaf and invite his soul" as others have before beginning to write. We believe he can sit down at a type-writer any hour of the day or night, and in any place, and rattle off most excellent "copy" as fast as Paderewski might play the piano. There is no sound, he says, so pleasant to his ears while he is at work as the whirr of machinery coming up to him from the printing-room of a newspaper office. He is, in truth, a journalist born, not made. It is his methods, nevertheless, which betray him into his chief literary fault—a sort of exuberant carelessness which would shake the nerves of a precisian. Only a style with remarkable vitality in it could survive such treatment without degenerating into mere slapdash. Instead of degenerating, Mr. O'Connor's English strikes us as being now mellower and firmer than it used to be. Some of his "Book of the Week" reviews in the *Weekly Sun* are marvellously well written. In these, by the way, which have been so attractive a feature of his paper, he has developed a form of criticism entirely his own—unaffected, unpedantic, almost unliterary, just the frank talk of a cultured man-of-the-world chatting with a friend about the last new book. And yet from those *déjà* conversations there often flash remarks which the most perspicuous of "autoritaire" critics might envy. We remember, for a recent example, a summing-up of Mr. Henry James's style, which is about the happiest word on that subtle matter we have yet seen.

It is, however, as a Parliamentary *chroniqueur* that T. P. is pre-eminent. It has been well remarked

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that the difference between him and other describers of Parliamentary scenes is that he seems to describe from within, while the others write simply from the outside. This is true, and we believe it is a fact which will be better appreciated by-and-by, when the records of these times are searched for materials for history, than perhaps it is just now. Mr. O'Connor transfers to his page not merely the varying aspects, but the varying moods and passions of the House; the undercurrent of tragedy which so often runs through its proceedings throbs again in his eloquent sentences. He is himself of its life; there have been few of its great events for many years of which he cannot say *quorum pars fui*. His mind is stored with memories which enrich the background of his pictures, and help him to invest politics with an atmosphere of romance which quite belongs to them, but which generally escapes less appreciative observers. Take, for example, from last Sunday's *Weekly Sun* the following little passage on Lord Randolph Churchill:—

Even the solid and united ranks of the Tories are broken by one figure that was once the most potent among them all. I was strangely moved at a theatre, a week or so ago, as I looked at Lord Randolph Churchill. I remember him twelve years ago—a mere boy in appearance, with clean-shaven face, dapper and slight figure, the alertness and grace of youth, and a skin smooth as the cheek of a maiden. And now—bearded, slightly stooped, with lines deep as the wrinkles of octogenarian years, he sometimes looks like the grandfather of his youthful self. It is in the deep-set, brilliant eyes that you still see all the fire of his extraordinary political genius, and the embers that may quickly burst into flame of all the passion and force of a violently strong character. For the moment he sits silent and expectant. He has even refused to take his rightful place among the leaders of the party on the Front Opposition Bench. Still, he sits in the corner immediately behind, which is the spectral throne of exiled rulers. He has the power of all strong natures of creating around him an atmosphere of uncertainty, apprehension, and fear. Of all the many problems of this Session of probably fierce personal conflict, this is the most unreadable sphinx.

There it is: a purist might find fault with that last sentence; but no man but T. P. could give us such a picture. There is in the same issue a striking passage portraying a mood of the Old Man in which his voice with a trace of hoarseness in it is described as having "a fine roll, the roll of a wave on a pebbly beach in an autumn evening" (a touch of genuine poetry); and the curious reader might collate with that for a description of another kind a paragraph relating to Mr. Johnston, of Ballykilbeg. We do not hesitate to call such passages as these literature, apart even from the historical value which they are one day bound to have. The man who can write them possesses a talent which at such moments falls little short of genius.

THE DRAMA.

"BECKET."

THE usual method of analysing a play is by an examination of its elements to the neglect of their arrangement, by taking the characters out of their stage environment and holding them up betwixt finger and thumb for the inspection of their motives and consistency—by considering, in short, not how the play strikes us at the time, but what we deduce from it the next morning. Many critics have been applying this process to the Lyceum *Becket*, pointing out gaps or queer places in the hero's character, a lack of organic relationship between the two stories of the play—the Becket story and the Rosamund story—and so forth. But whatever advantages this familiar process may possess, it has the grave disadvantage of misrepresenting the direct impression made by the play on our minds at the moment of its performance. Now it was for just that impression and no other that the play was written; or, at least, that the play was performed. Thus it is—I am tired of insisting on

the point—with impressions, not afterthoughts, that the critic should, in common fairness, concern himself; and therefore I propose to consider nothing but the performance of the play as we get it at the Lyceum.

My feeling at the outset is one of slight disappointment. The first scene, a mere back-cloth, purporting to be a chamber in some Norman castle, is paltry, and the conversation between Queen Eleanor and Fitzurse by no means striking. We hear of Rosamund and the King's infatuation for her; but the eye, rather than the ear, is interested, fastening itself on the strange mummy-like swathings of Miss Genevieve Ward's head-dress. Miss Ward, one remembers, has a fine head; the gear of the twelfth century is fatal to its contours. The next scene prompts one, by contrast, to an involuntary "Ah!" of delight. We are on the ramparts of the Norman Castle, looking down upon a far-stretching plain studded with villages and church-towers, undulating with pleasant hills, watered by a winding river. On the right is an arbour, its trellis-work interlaced by a vine. In the centre sit Henry and Becket at their game of chess. The King is lithe, jaunty, and inclined to shout. Mr. Terriss, one remembers, is generally inclined to shout. Becket, in his rich flowing chancellor's robes, is quiet, reserved, courtier-like; he acquiesces with a smile in the King's description of him as

"A doter on white pheasant-flesh at feasts,
A dish-designer, and most amorous
Of good old red sound liberal Gascon wine."

But he becomes graver when he hears of Theobald's death, his "heart is full of tears," and even solemn when the King nominates him to Canterbury in Theobald's place. One notes that; and one notes Mr. Terriss's agility as he leaps over the table—"A-hawking, a-hawking! If I sit, I grow fat."

In the next scene we can see from Becket's face and bearing he has put on a new man. And yet I am not so sure. It has been said that the great transformation of Becket's character from courtier and king's friend to champion of the Church has not been properly managed by the dramatist—that it takes place behind the scenes. But, after all, the transformation is only external. Becket is the same man as before: the strong man who will go steadfastly through with the business that lies nearest to his hand. He was the faithful servant of the King; he is now the faithful servant of the King of Kings. And he serves his new Master much in the same way as the old, as bursar and steward, with a keen eye on the revenues, not the spiritual power, of the Church.

"Her livings, her advowsons, granges, farms,
And goodly acres—we will make her whole;
Not one rood lost."

But these are afterthoughts; all we think of at the time is the white, set, rather weary face of Becket, his calm dignity, his air of power. It is plain even at this early stage that Mr. Irving is going to make a most impressive figure of Thomas Becket. It is also plain that Miss Ellen Terry's Rosamund is going to be entirely and delightfully—Terryish. She skips about the stage with childlike glee. And it appears that the familiar monitory gesture of arm and forefinger—a gesture to be found in every member of the Terry family—was already a feminine grace in the twelfth century. The talk of the old man unbending to the sprightly girl reminds me of Richelieu and Julie. The scene shifts—for this, as you have been told on all hands, is in form, or the lack of form, an Elizabethan chronicle play—to Northampton, a quaint street-view, seen beneath a fine circular arch making one great sweep across the stage, and then to the Hall in Northampton Castle, wherein a bustling, brawling crowd of bishops, barons, templars, men-at-arms, priests, and pages is grouped with the usual Lyceum skill. Becket's quiet, stately entry, amid the general din, is a clever

stage-effect. But there is too much coming and going in the scene. When Becket pops in the King pops out, and *vice-versa*—too suggestive of the old couple in the weather-gauge. The business of the rival crosses, Becket hugging one and Roger of York another, as though they would play at quarter-staff with them, strikes a modern mind as puerile. And the "baron-brutes" are too much like Sheridan's stage army, too unanimous. The four of them who are destined to slay Becket are inseparable, and mere replicas one of the other. The antiphony of negatives from Becket, "That I will not sign—and that I will not sign," and groans from the baron-brute quartet is, however, well scored. And one sees that Mr. Irving is gradually deepening the note he means to strike in Becket, the note of power, mastery, distinction. One does not much care what he is fighting for, or what are the precise "customs" he refuses to sign: the point is that he gives us a picture of a real man, an indomitable will.

For a contrast we are now transported to Rosamund's bower, in such a glade of tall pines as that in which Sandra Belloni was discovered by Mr. Pericles. An opportunity for giving us a real brook—the brook into which little Geoffrey throws his ball—has not been taken. Probably they do not keep a tank at the Lyceum. The love-making between Rosamund and Henry is very sweet, and very sweet, too, Miss Terry's recital to soft music of the brief snatch of true Tennysonian song—

"Rainbow, stay,
Gleam upon gloom,
Bright as my dream,
Rainbow, stay!"

We observe that Rosamund has been whitewashed. She supposes herself married to Henry. But the fierce Eleanor, who has found her way into the bower by the aid of little Geoffrey, soon undeceives her. The dagger-and-poison business that follows is not so thrilling as one might have expected. It seems unreal; while the sudden entry of Becket, to arrest the descending blade, is, of course, an outrageous piece of clap-trap melodrama. There has been a brief intercalation of comedy, in the form of a monologue by Miss Kate Phillips as a serving-wench, and Master Leo Byrne has played very prettily as the child Geoffrey. Also, between two of the scenes in the bower there has been a return to the Becket *motif* in a camp-scene—always inevitable in a chronicle-play—wherein Henry and Louis of France meet, amid the agreeable clank of chain-mail, the blare of trumpets, and the waving of pennons. A reconciliation, of a sort, is patched up between Henry and Becket, while the quartet of baron-brutes still growls in unison. Frankly, this absurd quartet begins to gall on my nerves.

Again the hoarse bass of the quartet is heard in another scene—it is right, monotonous as it may be on paper, to catalogue all the scenes, for the kaleidoscopic pictures of this "chronicle-play" form one of its most characteristic elements—wherein Henry learns from Eleanor that Becket has carried Rosamund off to Godstow, and provokes a *fff*-howl from the quartet by the question: "Will no one rid me of this pestilent priest?" Then comes what is to my mind quite the finest thing in the play—Becket's calm preparation for death in Canterbury Monastery. Amid the blustering threats of the knights, the terror-stricken huddling of the monks, he sits immovable, with set, pale face and far-off gaze, a man doomed but not dismayed. The mingled dignity and tenderness of Mr. Irving in this scene are beyond praise. Perhaps the entry of Rosamund in monk's disguise is a mistake: it strikes a jarring note of comic opera; but even that is redeemed by the actor's pathetic delivery to the girl of the farewell line—

"Pray for me too: much need of prayer have I."

The constant tinkling of the vesper-bell throughout gives one, I know not why, a distinct thrill. Personally I should not have minded if we could have had a little incense (as in the church scene of *Much*

Ado); I feel, vaguely, that it might have intensified our present mood of emotional, half-mystical, exaltation. This penultimate scene moved me even more profoundly than the actual martyrdom in the cathedral, impressive as that is. The noble courage of the central figure amid the panic terror of the monks, the crashing-in of the door under the axes of the murderers, Becket's fall at the foot of the long flight of steps as Rosamund kneels in prayer, and the lightning flashes through the stained glass—a tremendous effect!

And now, if one were to turn from the impressions to the afterthoughts, all sorts of questions might suggest themselves for discussion: as—the moral aspect of Becket's patronage of the king's mistress, the improbability of Rosamund's ignorance of her true position, the jack-in-the-box introduction of Louis of France, and so forth. But such discussions are otiose. The great point is that the play, as presented at the Lyceum, is alive with colour, movement, and humanity. Moreover it shows Mr. Irving, as it seems to me, at his best. Becket (as the dramatist presents him) is not a complex character; he is simply a strong man, moving consciously, without turning aside a hair's breadth, to a predestined fate; and whatever Mr. Irving can or cannot do, he is unrivalled in giving one the impression of strength. He has cast off, for this part at any rate, all his restlessness, all his tricks of enunciation; one hears every word he says, and many of his words are quite beautifully said. Miss Terry makes Rosamund a playful, kittenish creature, a child of nature, a Mignon with a touch of a Miranda. Her almost saucy treatment of the venerable archbishop, as in

"What, not good enough
Even to play at nun?"

reminds me, oddly enough, perhaps, of the imperious little minx who appeared in a vision to M. Sylvestre Bonnard. The Eleanor of Miss Ward is a sufficiently forbidding personage; it is the dramatist's fault that she strikes one as too black and inhuman. Mr. Terriss's Henry is handsome, debonair, and a little too noisy. From the host of minor characters, one may select for praise the King Louis of Mr. Bond, Mr. Haviland's Hubert of Bosham, Mr. Ian Robertson's John of Oxford, "called the Swearer"—who, for his fine elocution, should now be called the Speaker. I am unable to speak of Professor Villiers Stanford's music—the orchestra is always drowned by conversation on Lyceum first nights.

A. B. W.

LANGALULA.

LANGALULA was a great chief. The people he ruled were numerous and warlike; his assegais were ten thousand; his tribe had many cattle. So the Missionary at his kraal was glad indeed when he felt he had touched Langalula's heart; for it meant the conversion of a whole heathen nation.

When the king goes over, the people soon follow him.

Langalula said, "I am convinced; baptise me."

But the ways of white men are incomprehensible! Though the Missionary had been preaching that very thing for months, yet when Langalula gave in he answered, "Conviction alone is not enough. You must wait awhile till I feel that your life shows forth works meet for repentance." Langalula grumbled. He was little accustomed to such contradiction. But he knew it was hard arguing with these priestly white men, who will baptise a starving slave every bit as soon as a great chief; so he held his peace, and, though he chafed at it, waited the Missionary's pleasure.

By-and-bye, one day, the Missionary came to him. "Langalula," he said condescendingly, "I have watched you close for many weeks now, and I think I can baptise you."

"Then all my sins will be forgiven?" asked Langelula.

"All your sins will be forgiven," the Missionary answered.

"But I must put away my wives?" Langelula asked once more.

"All save one," answered the Missionary. It was a point of doctrine.

"Then I think," Langelula said, "I will wait for a week—so as to make up my mind which one of them is dearest to me."

But he said this deceitfully, knowing that all his sins were going to be forgiven, and determining in the interval to marry another wife, whom he would keep as his own when he put away the others. For there was a young girl coming on, black but comely, the daughter of Khamsua, a neighbouring chief, whom Langelula had seen, and whom he wished to purchase. And since the last love is always (for the moment) the greatest, the chief cared very little whether he must put away all his other wives or not, if only he could keep Malali. She had driven out the rest of them. He had watched the girl growing up at Khamsua's for years, and had said to himself always, "Whenever Malali is of marriageable age, see if I do not buy her and marry her."

In pursuance of this plan, as soon as the Missionary was gone, Langelula rose up, and took the fighting men of his tribe with him, that there might be no dispute, and marched into the country of Malali's father, whose name, as I said, was Khamsua. When Khamsua heard Langelula was on his way to his land with five thousand assegais, not to speak of Winchester rifles, he went out to meet him with a great retinue.

Khamsua cringed. Langelula said to him, "I am come to ask for Malali."

The moment Khamsua heard that he was unspeakably terrified, and flung himself down on his face and clasped Langelula's knees. For Khamsua was only a small chief in the country compared with Langelula.

"O my king," Khamsua said, "O lion of the people, I did not know so great a monarch as you had set his eyes on Malali; and before you asked, Montelo's people came, and offered oxen on Montelo's behalf for Malali. And I sold her to them, because I was afraid of Montelo, and could not have believed so great a chief as you had ever looked upon her."

Langelula smiled at that. "Oh, as for Montelo," he said, "I can easily take her from him; and then I can get the Missionary to marry us."

Khamsua, however, answered like a fool. "It cannot be. The Christians are so strait-laced. Montelo is a Christian now; he was baptised a week ago; and Malali was married to him in Christian fashion. Even if you were to kill Montelo and take her to your kraal, I don't believe the Missionary would marry you."

Langelula turned to his men. "Kill him," he said, simply. And they killed him with an assegai.

As soon as that was finished, Langelula marched on into Montelo's country. When he arrived there, Montelo crept out to meet him and tried to parley with him. But Langelula would not parley with the man who had deprived him of Malali. "We will fight for it," he said, angrily. And they fought for it then and there. And the upshot of it all was that Langelula's men conquered in the battle, and drove Montelo's men (who had no Winchester) back to their king's kraal; and then they killed Montelo himself, and carried his head on an assegai.

By the very same evening they occupied the kraal that had once been Montelo's, and Langelula's men brought out Malali to their own leader. Langelula looked hard at her. She was a glossy-black girl, very smooth-skinned and lithe, and clean of limb. The great chief stared long at her. Malali hung her head and drooped her arms before him. "Why did you go with Montelo," he asked at last, "when Langelula would have taken you?"

The girl trembled with fear. 'Twas no fault of hers. How could she help it? A woman there is no free agent. "My father sold me," she answered, whimpering; "Montelo paid him a great many oxen. I had no choice but to go. O King, O mighty lion, I did not know you wanted me."

With that she flung herself at his feet in terror, and held his knees, imploring him.

"Take her to the hut that was once Montelo's," said the great chief, smiling; "I will follow her there."

They seized her arms and dragged her to the hut, crying and shrieking as she went. They dragged her roughly. Langelula remained behind, superintending the slaughter of Montelo's warriors. As soon as he was tired he returned to the hut that had once been Montelo's; for he wished to see Malali, whether she was really as beautiful as he believed, even though the Missionary would never marry him to her.

Malali, when she saw him, thought all was well, and that Langelula loved her. So she left off crying, and tried every art a woman knows to please and charm him. But Langelula was a very great king, and his anger was aroused. A king's anger is terrible. He smiled to himself to see with what simple tricks the woman thought she could appease a mighty warrior.

The next morning came, and he cried to himself with annoyance and vexation that Montelo and Khamsua—and the Missionary as well—should have done him, between them, out of so beautiful a woman. If the Missionary had been a black man Langelula would have compelled him to baptise him outright, and then to marry him properly to Malali, with book and ring, in the Christian fashion. But he knew by experience it's no use threatening these white men with tortures, for, threaten how you may, they will not obey you; and, besides, the Governor would send up troops from Cape Town; and 'tis ill fighting with the men of the Governor. So he arose in a white heat of passion. "Malali," he said, approaching her with an ugly smile, "I like you better than any woman I ever yet saw. You please me in everything. But you went off with Montelo, and the Missionary will not marry me to you now I have speared him. I have also speared your father, Khamsua, because he sold you for oxen to Montelo. I want a real queen, who shall be married to me white-fashion. I am becoming a Christian now, and can have only one wife. But it must not be you, because you were sold to Montelo, whom I have slain in the battle, and they will not marry us. So I will keep my own first wife, the earliest married, though she is old and lean, and discard the other ones. Come out of the hut, Malali, and stand in front of my warriors."

Malali was afraid at that, and would have skulked in the corner if she dared, but she dared not, because she was frightened of Langelula. So out she came as he bid her, trembling in all her limbs, and crouching with terror; her knees hardly bore her. Langelula turned to his men; he looked at her with regret. She was sleek and beautiful.

"Pin her through the body to the ground with an assegai," he said, pointing at her.

And they pinned her through with an assegai.

"Pin her arms and her legs," said the great chief.

And his followers pinned them. The woman fainted.

"Now leave her to die in the sun," said Langelula. So they left her to die there.

After that Langelula marched back grimly with his men to his own country. As soon as he reached his kraal he went to see the Missionary. He was very submissive.

"I repent of all my sins," he said. "I have come to be baptised. Teacher, I will put away all my wives save one; and even for that one I will retain the earliest."

And that is how Langelula became a Christian.

GRANT ALLEN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. HEALY AND REGISTRATION REFORM.

SIR.—I notice in the *Daily News* and some other Liberal papers expressions of surprise at Mr. Healy's action in objecting to the Government Registration Bill because it did not, as first proposed to be introduced, include Ireland. Will you allow me to show the other side of the question? The present registration law in Ireland is practically the same as that in England. All recent Acts relating to registration have applied to both countries. There could be no difficulty therefore, as a matter of drafting, in including Ireland in the new Bill; and the reform is required at least as much for Ireland as for England. Owing to the furious hostility of the rate-collectors and other officials in the North of Ireland, the number of claims and objections on the Nationalist side has to be enormous. In West Belfast at one revision 6,000 claims and objections were contested, four revising barristers being engaged on the work of this one division for more than a month. Mr. T. W. Russell is member for South Tyrone solely on account of mistakes in registration. Why, then, did Mr. Fowler propose to introduce his Bill without including Ireland? If the vote of Ireland as well as England has to be taken once again before Home Rule is granted, the vote should be taken on the same basis in both countries. In these matters a little private consultation between Ministers and their supporters would often prevent a good deal of public friction.—Yours faithfully,

February 7th, 1893.

AN IRISH MEMBER.

[MR. HEALY'S attack upon Mr. Fowler seems to us to have been as unwise as it was unreasonable. It is for the Irish Government, and not the English Local Government Board, to decide as to the domestic legislation which is to be applied to Ireland. Scotland will have a separate registration Bill, and so must Ireland if the Irish Executive think that a Bill of this kind ought to be pushed forward this year.—ED. SPEAKER.]

RAILWAY RATES.

SIR.—Will you permit me, while expressing my agreement with almost every word in the first portion of the very able article on Railway Rates in last week's *SPEAKER*, yet to point out the reasons which lead me to think that your suggested remedy of a "cheap and expeditious tribunal" for settling reasonable rates is both impracticable and undesirable?

You say, and no doubt truly, that "opinion in trading circles is strongly in favour" of the establishment of such a tribunal. But I cannot think that this is by any means a conclusive argument in its favour. The traders are, no doubt, able to say what their grievance is; whether they are qualified to suggest the remedy is another matter. The trader is a patient, suffering, let us admit, from a severe illness. For all that, he will be wise not to undertake to treat himself, but to avail himself of the advice of trained physicians. And the physician needed in this case is the man who has studied historically and theoretically, as well as practically, the economics of railway transport. The traders have already made, to use your own words, "a lamentable and ludicrous fiasco." They have spent, and caused the railway companies to spend, at the lowest possible estimate, half a million sterling on an attempt—I quote from your article once more—"to accomplish the impossible." The net results of their efforts has been "conclusively to demonstrate that maximum rates, as a protection to traders against unreasonable charges, are a mockery, a delusion, and a snare;" that "maximum rates for goods must either be unfair and oppressive to the companies, or they must be useless to the traders." Was it worth while spending ten years of effort and half a million pounds just to demonstrate this? Could not anyone who knew the history of the question, both here and in America, have told them so to start with? Did not Professor Hadley, watching our quarrels from outside, warn them as long ago as 1886 what the result must be? "Every careful student of the question," he writes in "Railroad Transportation," "from Morrison in 1836 down to the Committees of 1872 and 1882, has come to the conclusion that fixed maxima are of next to no use in preventing extortion." One result of this "lamentable and ludicrous fiasco" ought surely in reason to be, that we should examine as carefully as may be the next proposals for railway legislation; that we should consider them in the light of abstract reasoning and previous experience, and not accept them with our eyes shut, simply because "opinion in trading circles is strongly in favour of" them. This is what I propose, with your permission, to do very briefly for the suggestion of "cheap and expeditious tribunals" with power to fix reasonable actual rates.

Can such a tribunal, I would ask, in the first place be expeditious? There are not less than a hundred million separate rates in force at present in the United Kingdom. If one rate in a thousand is appealed against—and the trader's case is, I take it, that a good deal more than one rate in every thousand is unreasonable at this moment—how many years will elapse before the last case in the original list comes on for hearing? And

let no one tell me that the first few cases would decide thousands of others. Your own article points out most clearly that this is not so—"the cost of conveying goods varies according to circumstances; and the circumstances, even on the lines of the same company, exhibit an endless variety." Adequately to investigate the circumstances of a single trade would take weeks; the most cursory examination could hardly be hurried through in a single day. How many courts of investigation are to sit simultaneously? I might ask further—where are the judges or arbitrators to be found? A man for the post will need, first and foremost, a judicial temperament; then he must have a knowledge of law and of economics, a thorough practical acquaintance with railway working, and a good general knowledge of the circumstances and condition of every trade in the country. Are such men to be had by the dozen for the asking? Even if they exist, are they to be had cheap? We all admit the excellence of the work done by Lord Balfour and Sir Courtenay Boyle; but they were only called on to fix maximum rates—a task which is child's play by the side of the difficulty of fixing actual rates.

I shall be told, no doubt, that in France, for instance, Government officials fix actual rates for private railways. I might reply that in return they guarantee dividends of from seven to twelve per cent. to the different companies. But an answer more germane to the present point would be to say that, in order to do it, the French Government has been compelled to prohibit competition entirely. Once eliminate competition, and it is easy enough to fix rates in a symmetrical fashion on general principles; but with competitive lines each rate must be looked at *per se*. Are the traders prepared entirely to forego competition in this country? They have done a good deal to blunt its edge in the last few years. They have combined to regulate the railways, and the railways have combined to protect themselves, with the result that the companies stand together to-day as one body, with a solidarity hitherto unknown. Concessions of individual companies to individual traders or localities are things almost of the past; and in a confederation it is not to be expected that the most moderate or most reasonable member will always be permitted to stand forward as spokesman. In their own interest the traders would be wise to ponder this point seriously. Here is another. For every shilling cut by an expeditious tribunal off a rate, it is easy for the railway companies, if they are agreed to act in harmony with each other, to withdraw two shillingsworth of facilities; and the traders may make up their minds that this is what must inevitably happen if the railway companies are confronted with lower rates simultaneously with a rapid rise of working expenses. Assume that your tribunal can fix a reasonable rate, what is the use of it unless it can schedule to its judgment a minute specification of the quality of service to be given in return for that rate?

But let me leave this point and come to another. Can the proposed tribunal by any possibility be cheap? The present procedure under the conciliation clause is cheap, precisely because the Board of Trade only expresses opinions, and does not issue binding judgments. Turn this opinion into a judgment, and the tribunal is at once compelled to allow the defendant to defend himself by all the means in his power. Parliament might conceivably say that counsel should not be heard before such a tribunal, but I fail to see what else it could do to limit expense. The railways can bring down troops of expert witnesses. How can the tribunal refuse to hear them, when every student of railway economics knows that the reasonableness of each particular rate depends not merely on its own individual circumstances, but on a comparison with all the other rates and a consideration of the company's entire business? But for a farmer or a shopkeeper, with the assistance, possibly, of the local attorney, to undertake to fight trained railway experts with a lifetime's experience, and with every fact and figure at their fingers' ends, is only to court defeat.

There is much more that I should have liked to say, but I must not presume too far upon your kindness. I should have liked to ask how far your statement that there has been "an all-round and incredible increase of rates" squares with the public declaration of Mr. Mundella that "there is a vast volume of rates which are lower than the old rates," or with the detailed calculation of Mr. Parkes that "from Great Yarmouth to London, Manchester, and other places, the number of rates is 16,401; of these, 1,830 have been advanced, 14,571 have been reduced; the advances go as high as 2s. 6d. per ton, the reductions are as much as 10s. a ton and more." But I am content for my present purpose to assume the facts to be as you put them, and to admit that the action of the railway companies is entirely indefensible. Even so I would urge the traders to believe that it may be better to bear the ills they know than fly to others that they know not of. We have had enough already of heroic remedies adopted in a hurry to satisfy the demands of men with a grievance. This time, at least, let us look before we leap. Two years back I prophesied the present "lamentable and ludicrous fiasco" in words to which, now that the event has actually happened, there is no need for me to add a single letter. It may not be wise for a prophet whose predictions have once come off, to risk his reputation by a second essay. But for all that, I will venture to say that the fiasco

which has attended the fixation of statutory maxima is nothing by the side of that which awaits the legislator who shall provide for the establishment of a cheap and expeditious tribunal to enforce reasonable actual rates.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

W. M. ACWORTH.

LOVE UNCRITICAL.

WHEN first I 'gan to know thee, dear,
Thy faults I did espy,
And "Sure this is a blemish here,
And that's a vice," said I.
But since that hour I did resign
My judgment to my fate,
Thou art no more than only mine,
To love and vindicate.
Henceforth thy champion am I vow'd,
And stultify my sense,
Not owning what I proved, yet proud
To die in its defence.
The kerchief that thou gav'st I'll wear
Upon mine eye-lids bound;
And every man I meet I'll dare
To find the faults I found.

Q.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

PATHOS—"IRISH IDYLLS."

A WEEK or two back I tried to show that English literature is, and always has been, essentially cheerful; and gave one or two reasons why it should be so. Excess of sensibility—the quivering nerve and ready tear—in a race so generally prosperous may be taken to indicate fatty degeneration; or, as Mr. Meredith puts it in the first chapter of "Sandra Belloni," "Sentimentalists are a perfectly natural growth of a fat soil. Wealthy communities must engender them. . . . My vulgar meaning might almost be twisted to convey that our sentimentalists are a variety owing their existence to a certain prolonged term of comfortable feeding. The pig, it will be retorted, passes likewise through this training. He does. But in him it is not combined with an indigestion of high German romances." Therefore, when you find a writer of honest Anglo-Saxon descent using the language of extreme pathos, suspect that man. The odds are he is over filled, not with honey-dew and the milk of Paradise, but with the mutton and claret of a cosy villa.

But luckily our language and literature are the composite work of mixed races, and the English householder who is particular about the genuineness of the prose and poetry he consumes need not abstain altogether from pathos. He may have it delivered, with salt water, at his own front door: but must certify himself that it comes from a distance—from across the Tweed, or from across St. George's Channel, or from those outlying barren districts of England where the Celt yet lingers. For the Celt has an inherited right to manufacture pathos, and an inherited aptitude. It is in his blood and in his history. Grief is no luxury to him as it was to the man who purchased a three-legged stool to be sad upon: he holds the title-deeds of the seat of the sorrowful. There is luxury in the lines, sung at a picnic—

"Tears, idle tears. I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields
And thinking of the days that are no more."

But it is the necessity of grief, not its luxury, that we feel as we read—

"Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

Or take Mr. Barrie's "A Window in Thrums," and first examine the simplicity of it. What is the tale about? A little cottage, not specially picturesque; an invalid mother; the commonplace death of her firstborn son, and the commonplace ruin of her second-born. No character is extraordinary: of plot there is nothing at all: the catastrophe might befall any young man, whatever his nationality or station of life. But search about in English literature and where will you find a story of like quality of pathos written by an Anglo-Saxon? "Rab and his Friends?" A Scotsman wrote it. "The Vicar of Wakefield?" An Irishman wrote it; and, beautiful as "The Vicar" is, the artificiality of the close robs it of some little sincerity. The pontiffs are among us, having great wrath, and a critic carries his reputation in his two hands who ventures to exalt a living author's book above a canonised classic; but I make bold to say that, to find a story so simple, so racy, and so poignant as the "Window in Thrums," you must go back to your Bible and open it at the Book of Ruth.

Yet a little book has been lately published that shows much of the same quality. The other day a friend accused me of having missed to read the most notable book of 1892, and promised to send it. In a few days arrived a small green volume with the title "Irish Idylls: by Jane Barlow" (Hodder and Stoughton), and after reading it I am bound to confess that my friend was right. Understand that as a matter of private taste, I prefer your cheerful full-blooded English work—your *As You Like It* or "Tom Jones"; nay even your "Moll Flanders" or "John Gilpin"—to any amount of pathos. I dislike to find my eyes full of tears, or to be made (say) half so uncomfortable as this book has made me. The other day, in reading Björnson's "Heritage of the Kurts," I had to fling the book down and escape out of doors from the hideousness of its wife-beating scene; and I remember feeling physically sick after reading a certain page of "Badalia Herodsfoot." These are tributes to an author's power, but we dislike to pay them. And though Miss Barlow deals not in horror at all, but in pure pity, the anguish of it becomes too strong now and then. If any reader doubt me, let him try the little story that begins on p. 134 and is called "Herself." It is just the tale of an Irish mother whose children emigrated to America and left her; and of her waiting for their return. Nothing happens—as the critics say of American novels: but if you have ever read a more distressful tale, or one the distress of which was conveyed with more absolute art, I beg you will keep the name of that tale to yourself.

Emigration—you will find much of the pathos of Celtic literature explained by that word. The Scotch, Irish, Cornish, are all emigrating races; and that is why they can speak of home so movingly. They know how much they love their own soil, because so many of them have lost it: they know the dearth of the family hearth, having tasted the bitterness of separation from it or stayed at home to see the circle around it grow thin and narrow. When they speak to their kin, it is across a gulf of waters. So an Irishman, Mr. W. B. Yeats, writes, in dedicating a little book of Irish Fairy Tales—

"All the words that I gather,
And all the words that I write,
Must spread out their wings untiring,
And never rest in their flight,
Till they come where your sad, sad heart is,
And sing to you in the night,
Beyond where the waters are moving,
Storm-darkened or starry bright."

And so a Scotsman feels, as few Englishmen feel, when the lines are sung—

"But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne."

You remember this passage in Mr. Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae" where old Mackellar sets

out with the Master on their dismal journey across the Atlantic?—

" . . . upon our mounting the long brae from Durrisdeer, as we walked side by side in the wet, he [the Master] began first to whistle and then to sing the saddest of our country tunes, which sets folk weeping in a tavern, 'Wandering Willie.' The set of the words he used with it I have not heard elsewhere, and could never come by any copy; but some of them which were the most appropriate to our departure linger in my memory. One verse began—

'Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces;
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.'

And ended somewhat thus—

'Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the folks are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.'

I could never be a judge of the merit of these verses; they were so hallowed by the melancholy of the air, and were sung (or rather 'soothed') to me by a master-singer at a time so fitting. He looked in my face when he had done, and saw that my eyes watered."

A world of Celtic feeling is summed up in these lines. Englishmen go out into foreign lands to conquer, or to administer justice, or to make their fortunes: in a small proportion of cases do they leave to settle permanently abroad. But for the Celt most often it is a lasting separation. He knows what worked in

"the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn"—

for he knows all that was conveyed in Ruth's self-abnegating words, "Intreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Whatever be the exact date of the composition of the Book of Ruth, it could only be written by one of a race accustomed or predestinated to exile.

It is possible to extract humour, however, even from so dismal a subject as Emigration. In his book of "Memories," published the other day, Dean Hole prints the following short drama:

"THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN."

In One Act.

Scene.—A cottage in Ireland. Enter *Emigrant*, who surveys the dwelling with emotion, and knocks at door. Door opens. Enter *Inmate*.

Emigrant: Is my father alive?

Inmate: He is not.

Emigrant: Is my mother living?

Inmate: She is not.

Emigrant: Is there any whisky in this house?

Inmate: There is not.

Emigrant (sighs heavily): This is indeed a woeful day!

Slow Music. Curtain.

[*Dies.*

To return for a moment to Miss Barlow. Having said that she has pathos I needn't add that she has humour. Also she has a style: and whatever she may do with your feelings, her own are admirably restrained. On many grounds "Irish Idylls" is a notable book. As the performance of a new writer it is nothing less than wonderful. A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

CHRISTIAN ETHICS.

CHRISTIAN ETHICS. By Newman Smyth, D.D. Vol. II. of The International Theological Library. Edited by Professor Salmond, D.D., and Professor Briggs, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

IT is a curious and not insignificant fact that the distinctively English mind has hitherto not produced much that can be called constructive in the sphere of practical religious thought. We have hardly any

dogmatics, in the sense of a Martineau or a Dorner, or any system of Christian ethics, such as theologians like Schleiermacher and Rothe have built up. The causes of this defect are probably manifold, and closely bound up with the eminent practical genius with which, in our amiable insular vanity, we love to credit ourselves. It may, however, be safely affirmed that the imperfect interpenetration of faith and philosophy—even where the latter exists—in the typical English mind lies at the root of the matter. To this, the policy which so long made our universities the homes of reaction, may have contributed; for subscription long sat like a cormorant fast by the tree of knowledge, and neither did any fresh thinking, nor, so far as it was able, did it allow any fresh thinking to be done. Indeed, ethics are most congenial to the Anglican mind when presented as historical appreciations of stages or phases in civilisation as affected by the Church. The most notable work of this kind are certain sermons and addresses by the late Dean Church. There are, of course, many remarkable contributions to ethics proper, notably Cudworth's and Butler's, but Christian ethics stand to ethical, as dogmatics to metaphysical philosophy. Dogmatics is the universe construed from the Christian standpoint, as philosophy is the universe construed from the standpoint of thought. Philosophical ethics is conduct, and its basis of laws, studied in the light of Nature; Christian ethics is conduct, and the laws of conduct, studied in the light of revelation. It is characteristic that the older Puritan literature was rich in this department. The first book of Christian ethics was by one who has a better claim than Cartwright to be considered the Father of Puritanism—Perkins of Cambridge. The second was by his distinguished disciple and friend, William Ames, the Latin Amesius. Of course, Jeremy Taylor later gave us an elaborate treatise on casuistry; but casuistry is not ethics, it is an attempt to regulate life, not by a law which acts from within, but by rules and regulations imposed from without. There is the same distinction between casuistry and ethics that there is between diplomacy and politics. But though, from Taylor onward, English thought was exceedingly active in the department of ethical philosophy, it was practically barren in the region of Christian ethics. In recent times, the first English book on this special subject was by a Nonconformist—Dr. Wardlaw. Later, Maurice, during his tenure of his Cambridge professorship, attempted to revive the subject, and his teaching was, in the best sense, always full of ethical principles and the Christian spirit.

In remarkable contrast to our English neglect has been the activity in Germany, where, especially under the quickening influence of Schleiermacher, Christian ethics became a really living branch of the theological science. It is indeed a sign of grace that one of the writers of "Lux Mundi" made a tardy attempt to wipe away the reproach from his Church, and though his work cannot be compared with what has been done elsewhere, yet it deserves none the less a cordial welcome as a promise of better things.

In the book before us we have at last, fitly enough from a representative of the most historical of all the Puritan Churches, a book worthy of its subject. The question it raises at the very outset is, of course, Is there any such thing as Christian, as distinct from philosophical or general ethics? If so, why not Christian biology or Christian art? It is just worth while noting that were biology to cease to concern itself simply with the phenomena of life, and proceed to speculate as to its ultimate cause or significance, it would have to reckon with the rational consciousness, and would *ipso facto* cease to be biology and become philosophy. And from the moment it began to deal with consciousness, and especially "the conscience," its relations with Christianity would be most direct; for it is touched by whatever touches either conscience or consciousness. And for this reason there must be

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such a thing as Christian art, *i.e.*, a type of art determined in its choice of subjects and spirit of execution by the ethico-religious principles of Christianity, whether as ideal or as historical. But inasmuch as large areas of the æsthetic sphere correspond to Nature as simply non-moral (apart from any human reference or suggestion), the spheres of Christian art and art *per se*, are not strictly co-extensive. But it is otherwise with ethics. There is no part of the ethical domain where "the mind of Christ" has not a claim to be heard. "Christian ethics," therefore, is not like Christian art, a mere species of a larger genus; it claims to be, in a sense, the absolute or ideal form of the whole ethical type. That is to say, it yields principles of conduct deducible from the ultimate principles of an absolutely ethical human consciousness, that of the Son of Man, whose twofold Law of Love—to God as Father, and to men as His sons—is potentially the fulfilling of the whole law. As all "types of ethical theory" represent in the last resort the practical life of man seen through the consciousness of this or that man and those who agree with him, so the Christian type of ethical theory represents life seen through the consciousness of Christ. It is idle, therefore, to say amid the existing diversity of answers to the question, "What is man?"—with its implicates, "Whence and whither?"—that there is no meaning in calling a system of ethics "Christian." Either its bases or motives, which in every system are matter of immediate experience, and are therefore held by "faith," are, as given in Christ, absolute—in which case all ethics will one day in principle conform to it—or its bases are mistaken, in which case ethics will essentially outgrow it. Christian ethics, even so understood, are necessarily progressive as a science, *i.e.*, a co-ordinated body of principles, as applied to particular conditions of society. The fixed elements are objective, consist of Christ's own ethical spirit or motives, together with a few typical illustrations of their working; but progressive elements are subjective to man's apprehension and realisation of the ideal. As a science, therefore, Christian ethics lay no claim to exemption from the laws of progress and relativity, which regulates all ethical systems. Nor again need we deny that ethics can exist as an independent science. All that is here claimed is that, in so far as they cease to be purely Hedonistic, they inevitably tend to move along the lines which find their completion in Christian ethics, and there only. "Conscience," as Dr. Martineau remarks, "may act as human, before it is discovered to be divine."

Such in effect is the purport of the chapter in which Dr. Smyth introduces his subject. To Christian ethics, he says, belongs the right "to speak the last word amid contending theories of moral philosophy," unless it be held that "the regenerate mind is a degenerate mind, that the Son of Man is not man at his moral best." Yet he adds, "we must recognise alike in the interest of morality and religion a certain relative independence of each from the other;" though "loss of religious faith (as distinct from dogmas) among the people has never yet been a sign of increasing moral vitality." Dr. Smyth is equally firm in maintaining the relative independence of Christian ethics and theology proper; for "nothing can abide as true in theology which does not prove its genuineness under the ever renewed searching of the Christian moral sense," trained, by its wealth of materials for study "in the whole inheritance of the lives of the disciples," to discern the "morally Christlike."

His discussion of Conscience holds the scales evenly between Naturalism and Intuitionism. Conscience has a history, in that its contents show variable elements, as the "scale of worths" rises from the relatively natural to the relatively transcendental ideals. But throughout conscience, once present, remains a constant principle; constituting indeed the very possibility of an ascending scale of human values, whose real meaning is only to be

understood, teleologically, in the light of an ideal of Personality, in which the Good, the Beautiful, the True harmonise in the synthesis of Love. The general attitude is rather Lotze's and Martineau's than Green's: and its antithesis is the view of Mr. Leslie Stephen, who is accused of falling, in his anxiety to escape "moral dualism," into the worse condition of "moral polytheism." For the "non-moral account of the rise of man's moral being" actually "loses the unifying idea of moral worth and breaks up human life into a series of incommensurable pleasures, a view involving 'an atomistic conception of human nature.'"

It would be hardly in place to give any detailed account of the actual system that follows. Suffice it to say that it falls into two parts, "The Christian Ideal," and "Christian Duties." The former treats of the revelation of the Ideal, its contents, its realisation, and the forms, methods, and spheres of that realisation. The latter contains chapters on the Christian conscience, and its duties towards (1) self, (2) others, (3) society, (4) God; while the whole ends with the most vital point of all, "the Christian moral motive power." Here the moral dynamic, which gives Christian ethics its best right to be recognised as the absolute ethics is set forth in connection with the "Personal Influence of Jesus" and the "Working of the Spirit of Christ." To have rested from the first, not upon a vague or abstract theory of the Wise Man, but upon a realised Ideal—the Christ of the Gospels, made the more significant and apprehensible through the experience of a Peter, a Paul, a John—this it is which, as conditioning the divine operation in men's hearts, has made the Gospel a unique power, that, just because it is more than "ethical"—as science knows ethics—involves an ethic that belongs, like the Christ, to the eternal order.

A JAPANESE COMEDY.

ADZUMA; OR, THE JAPANESE WIFE. A Play in Four Acts.
By Sir Edwin Arnold. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE novelty of the subject-matter and surroundings could scarcely fail to make Sir Edwin Arnold's play interesting, whatever its dramatic merit. This, we must confess, does not strike us as of a high order. One is ever conscious of the presence of a faithfully followed model—the earlier Shakespearian comedy—which asserts itself definitely, over and over again, in certain turns of phrase in the prose scenes; and in the rhymed tags at the end of some of the blank-verse speeches, together with the gradual working-up to a point which precedes them. The best of the metrical passages have a certain prettiness, not unpleasing where it is not obviously out of place; but even the most successful are nothing more than "Light of Asia" spoiled. Where powerful effects are sought they fall lamentably flat—as in Morito's speech on p. 101, "Sword! thou hast paid thy master's heavy debt," etc.—which, moreover, is vaguely reminiscent of the late Laureate's manner, without the higher excellences of his style. Altogether the play, as a play, would be a highly creditable exercise on the part of a conscientious beginner in the dramatic art, who wanted to study style and construction *secundum artem*—somewhat as Mr. R. L. Stevenson tells us he did in his early days. But we presume that, had Sir Edwin Arnold looked upon it in this light, he would scarcely have published it.

The story is a Japanese tradition, for which the authorities are not given—nor are we told to what period of history it belongs. Morito, a Japanese nobleman, has been refused the hand of his cousin, Adzuma, as it has been revealed to her parents that their destinies are hostile one to another. She eventually marries Wataru Watanabe, who loves her devotedly, and she him. Sakamune, the Iago of the piece, being himself a rejected lover of Adzuma's, and bearing a grudge against Morito for overcoming

him at a wrestling-match, determines to wreak his revenge on both. He pretends great friendship for Morito, and contrives that he shall see Adzuma, with whom he at once falls in love. He convinces Morito that Adzuma was given in marriage to Wataru against her will, and that he (Morito) was deeply wronged by his rejection at the hands of Adzuma's mother. By one stratagem after another, culminating in a skilful imitation of Adzuma's handwriting, he makes it appear that she is in love with Morito and hates her husband. Thus encouraged, Morito seeks Koromogawa (Adzuma's mother) and threatens to expose an episode in her past life, of which Sakamune has told him, unless she will consent to help him. Adzuma, seeing appearances are against her, and fearing to expose her mother's secret if she maintains her innocence, pretends to give way; but says that the only course open to them is to kill Wataru. Morito promises to do so, and Adzuma tells him where to find him, saying that he will know it is Wataru by his hair being wet, as she intends to wash it for him that night. Returning home, she detains Wataru in her own room, remaining with him till he falls asleep, and then goes and lies down in his bed, having first tied her hair back in the same fashion as his, and wetted it. Morito comes, and, feeling the wet hair in the dark, strikes off the head and carries it away, finding out too late whose it is. Adzuma's innocence is fully established by the letters she leaves behind for her husband and her mother. Wataru and Morito both retire to a Buddhist monastery, while Sakamune meets his death at the hands of Kameju, Morito's faithful follower.

The story thus baldly outlined has sufficient interest and pathos to make a good play, and the interest, in reading at least, never flags. Whether it would make a good acting drama is another matter, which must be judged on other grounds. If there is a fault in the construction, it seems to us, it is that Adzuma's death is scarcely "genügend motivirt," as the German critics would say. It is true that she explains, in a soliloquy, that she cannot tell her husband of her trouble, for then he will murder Morito in his wrath, while nothing can be done to remove the suspicion that rests on her; but the impression remains that the incident of Adzuma's substitution for her husband is a necessary part of the *donnée*, and must be worked up to and accounted for somehow. We do not feel that it is the inevitable outcome of what has gone before. Of course, this is one of the difficulties to be contended with, when a story is dramatised, and doubtless the author was unwilling to alter the essentially Japanese character of his groundwork by departing from his facts. The difficulty would have been less obvious, or more easily overcome, in a non-dramatic narrative, which allows scope for explanation and analysis of modes of thought differing from our own. The little lyrics scattered here and there through the play—renderings, we suppose, of Japanese poetry—are very charming. Here is one:—

"Moon of the autumn sky
Sentinel, silver and still,
Where are the dear ones that die?
Is it well, is it ill?" (p. 94.)

And again, *Haori Rakushite*. (p. 38.)

"She hid his cloak,
She plucked his sleeve,
'To-day you cannot go!
'To-day, at least, you must not leave
The heart that loves you so!
The window she undid,
And back the shutters slid;
And clinging cried, 'Sweet Lord, perceive
The whole white world is snow!'"

This, too, is a characteristic and pretty conceit—almost more than a conceit:—"Komachi, . . . who was so beautiful that people bought the mirrors into which she had looked, to get dreams from them!"

BEFORE THE DODO.

EXTINCT MONSTERS. By the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson.
London: Chapman & Hall.

EVERY schoolboy—every London schoolboy, at least—knows something of the antediluvian animals from his visits to the Crystal Palace. There he has seen and marvelled at the strange and huge beasts and birds—now, alas! for the most part proved to be incorrectly "restored"—with their, to him, uncouth, though strangely familiar, names—the Pterodactyl, the Iguanodon, the Ichthyosaurus, and the Megatherium. The schoolboy even—certainly those of riper years who are at all interested—cannot do better than read Mr. Hutchinson's interesting and entertaining volume. It is a history of the animals of prehistoric times told in unscientific language, so that he (the ordinary individual) who runs may read. As an unscientific reviewer ourselves, we are glad to have the accuracy of the book, and the substantial accuracy of the illustrations, which are admirable, confirmed by Dr. Henry Woodward in a short preface. We know no book that gives in a popular form so full and so up-to-date an account of the "monsters" that for the most part prowled the earth and swam the sea before man was.

Before man was. From the sporting point of view, what waste of good material: "big game" of phenomenal proportions existing when there were none to pursue. What splendid sport it would have been to track and to stalk the gigantic horned Dinosaur, to light on a "Brontosaurus excelsus" sixty feet long and weighing twenty tons; or to shoot flying Pterodactyls with their leather wings and toothed beaks! The big game of modern days disappears before civilisation; and Mr. Rhodes' Cape-Cairo telegraph will help further to hasten the extinction of the few remaining great beasts of Central Africa. The gigantic tortoise of the Aldabra Island in the Mauritian group is the nearest survival of the extinct animals of old, and that is disappearing. It is to be hoped that the Mauritian Government will take care that these interesting "insects" are carefully preserved.

But the ancient monsters had not to encounter civilisation. Physical and natural causes gradually destroyed them. Indeed, the very exaggeration of monstrosity seems in some cases to have been its own destruction; as in the case of the Dinosaur, of which, according to Professor Marsh, the head, by a process of evolution, gradually became so large and so heavy that the body could not carry it!

One of the most interesting chapters is that describing how it came about that the remains of extinct monsters were preserved. Well brought out, too, is the curious mixture of types that existed: the bird-like reptiles and the reptilian birds, the fish-like mammals and the mammalian fishes. Each monster was, "like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once"; a fusion of types that did so much to puzzle the earlier paleontologists. And that which strikes the unscientific observer perhaps the most, is the marvellous accuracy with which the scientists "developed" the beasts from a few isolated bones, and before the full tale was complete. Mistakes, of course, were made; but that the early restorations were anything like as accurate as they unquestionably were, is a fact of which science may well be proud.

And, in this connection, we must add one more word of praise of the illustrations, which so very greatly increase the value of the book. As Dr. Henry Woodward points out in his preface, pictorial representations of these extinct monsters, especially when the restoration of the flesh and skin is also attempted, are ever liable to emendation—and this the accomplished artist, Mr. Smit, would be the first to acknowledge. But his pictures give us a most graphic idea generally of the form and size of these strange beasts and birds; and, we say again, we wish we'd had the shooting of some of them. The book is one to be thoroughly recommended.

FICTION.

KITTY'S FATHER. By Frank Barrett, Author of "The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane," etc. Three vols. London: Heinemann.

THE DREAM. By Émile Zola. Translated by Eliza E. Chase. London: Chatto & Windus.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH. A Tale of the Middle Ages. By Charles Reade. Four vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

A BORN PLAYER. By Mary West. London: Macmillan & Co.

MR. BARRETT has the true gift of the story-teller, and though his novels are of unequal merit, he seldom fails to interest his readers. "Kitty's Father" belongs to the detective school of fiction, but there is plenty in it besides the crime, the perpetrator of which it is the object of everybody to discover. There are scenes connected with the life of a travelling theatrical company—for Kitty is a young and lovely actress—and there are also some very pretty pictures of provincial England. The uncle of Kitty's lover is murdered—murdered in a very mysterious way—and somehow or other suspicion in connection with the crime falls upon Kitty's father, a gentleman who, having years before "gone to the bad," has left his daughter to the care of the old uncle who tells the story. Now Kitty, who is as virtuous as she is lovely, cannot bear the thought that she should bring shame upon the man she loves by allowing him to marry the daughter of a suspected murderer; so the idyllic love story is rudely broken off, and every person in the narrative—except Kitty's uncle, the violinist—finds him or herself at cross-purposes with everybody else. In the midst of the *inbroglio*, we are introduced to certain persons who are not quite unknown to us: the old Admiral whose language, even in the drawing-room, has about it a quarter-deck character, the smug curate, who is eventually discovered to be the villain of the piece; the "leading lady," who is jealous of poor Kitty, and who, by throwing up her part in the play of which Kitty's lover is the author, unwittingly contributes to its success. We have met all these people before, and truth to tell are rather tired of them as well as of the conventional detective who is so very "knowing" and so amazingly dull. But Mr. Barrett weaves his plot neatly; and Kitty's father is not quite so commonplace as the rest of the *dramatis personæ*. Moreover the story takes quite an unexpected turn at the close, and some incidents the explanation of which seemed to pass the wit of man are disposed of quite satisfactorily. Upon the whole the reader might do worse than send to Mudie's for "Kitty's Father."

The plot of "The Dream" is already known to our readers. M. Zola has sought in this charming story to prove to the world that he too can write for the virgin, and that he can paint the better side of human nature in colours as tender and true as those employed by any of his contemporaries. Those who wish to know what the author of "Nana" can do in this way must read "Le Rêve," in the original if possible, or, if not, in this translation, which is fairly good, and conveys some idea of the spirit of M. Zola's peculiar style. It is a beautiful story, admirably told, and all through the touching narrative the reader finds himself steeped in the true local atmosphere of the old cathedral town in which the scene is laid.

Many a year has passed since the readers of *Once a Week* were first introduced to the great work of fiction that is now reproduced in worthy form by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. Nobody who read "A Good Fight" in those days can have forgotten it. Nor can anyone who has subsequently read the romance in its complete form fail to welcome the present delightful edition. Mr. Besant pronounces it not only Charles Reade's greatest work, but "the greatest historical novel in the language." These be strong words, yet they can be justified better than most utterances of the critic. "The Cloister and the Hearth" is a real historical novel, in which the

characters are not mere modern figures draped for the moment in old-world costume, but the true men and women of a former day, who are made by the hand of genius to live once more. The panorama of life in the Middle Ages which is painted for us here is wonderfully vivid and exact—the work of a scholar as well as of an artist; whilst all through the picture is palpitating with that sense of reality which only the great romance-writers can give to their work. We may have our own opinion as to "the greatest historical novel in the language," and it may not be the opinion of Mr. Besant; but at least we admit with cheerfulness that there are fewer greater novels of any kind in the English tongue than "The Cloister and the Hearth," and that the man who has written it deserves a place among our national Immortals. We trust that the appearance of this book is but the prelude to the publication of a complete edition, in the same pleasant and attractive form, of Charles Reade's admirable romances.

From the pulpit to the stage seems a daring leap; yet such is the feat recorded in the story of "A Born Player." Matthew Hare, a bright, handsome youth, 'destined by his dead father for the Nonconformist ministry, is being trained thereto by his guardian, Mr. Unwin—himself a saintly and devoted Independent minister. Misled by the lad's evident gift of oratory, the good old man fondly hopes that his brilliant pupil has "a call," and looks to see him soon become a very tower of strength in the Gospel cause. But Matt nurses secretly a smouldering passion for the actor's art; and that passion is presently fanned into a flame, for Edmund Kean, in his mighty impersonation of Lear, flashes upon the ardent boy's gaze. From that fatal night, Matt's real vocation for the stage is a foregone conclusion. Love for gentle Grace Unwin and remorse for his back-sliding restrain him, it is true, for a time. In an evanescent fit of compunction he burns his beloved playbooks, becomes a candidate for the ministry, and even preaches his first sermon. But the ruling passion finally overleaps all barriers. Meeting Kean once more, the young preacher sacrifices all else to become an actor, and is so far justified in his startling *volte-face* that he quickly wins an eminent position upon the boards. Matt and Grace meet again, faithful in love, though divided in creed; but inexorable Death drops the curtain on the drama of their young lives. A most human story, excellently told. Beginning as an idyll, ending as a tragedy, it never oversteps the limits of art. The character-drawing is firm and true, the literary flavour agreeable. Humour and tenderness diversify the pages of this very pleasant book, which deserves attention as a faithful study of human nature.

ECLECTICISM INDEED!

THE PROBLEM OF REALITY. By E. Belfort Bax. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

MR. BAX's preface tells us that his book contains "suggestions for the reconstruction of the Philosophical Problem and for its solution, taking it up at the point at which it was left by the classical philosophical school of Germany." But Mr. Bax adds a good deal to the result of the "school," or rather of the three founders of many schools, from which he starts; and much of what he adds, we have hitherto thought, had passed out of philosophy never to return. In the first instance, we find him reproducing Fichte's absolute Ego. Reality is synthesis of relations in a consciousness, but the particular personal consciousness is only possible by relation to an absolute consciousness to which it is in reality the object. This surely is Fichte's absolute Ego first dividing itself into subject and object, and then recognising that distinction as between the finite Ego and its object. Besides this Mr. Bax adopts, as far as we can make out, the leading Hegelian notions, and so superimposes the Hegelian reconciliation of opposites on the Fichtean Absolute Ego. Then he suggests that ethical conceptions may possibly be explicable only by reference to a social consciousness corresponding to the social organism, and now in course of evolution. To this we can only reply—Is there a social sensorium developing; and will it be identical with the ruling class in a Socialised world? Finally, he astonishes us by maintaining that the reign of

law is not complete, but that the particularity of things is due to an irreducible logical element—Chance. We have often wondered why nobody tried to rehabilitate Chance, but we are astounded at anyone thus attempting a syncretism of Aristotle and Fichte. Surely Mr. Bax must see that the irreducibility of a particular event to a case of universal laws is only "ultimate" to a finite mind, that only indolence or want of time prevents us from carrying the analysis much farther than we habitually do, and that a universal consciousness would see the event in all its relations to everything else, and resolve all particulars into universals. Mr. Bax seems to us to be riding many horses at once, and they are a somewhat unruly team. Hegelianism and Dualism in particular will hardly go together. We cannot help remarking that he will be well advised not to make any further solitary incursions into the Greek language. "*φύσις*," "*μεταφυσικός*," Aristotle's "*περιψύχαια*" (the *De Anima*), and "*ποὺς ποτικὸς*" are none of them even modern Greek, and even the addition of accents would not make them so. Why have not the publishers had the book properly sub-edited?

A TEXT-BOOK OF LOGIC.

AN INTRODUCTION TO GENERAL LOGIC. By E. E. Constance Jones. Author of "Elements of Logic as a Science of Propositions." London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THIS short book is written with the double purpose of serving as a text-book for beginners and a sketch of the science. It possesses considerable interest in the last character, but it is not well adapted to help beginners. The examples of propositions are, indeed, chosen so happily and in such variety of form as to stimulate the attention in learners, who are often supplied with more or less conventional types of expression. But the elaboration of the more strictly formal part—such as in the chapters on Immediate Inference, and even that on Categorical Propositions, is far too great, and the apparatus of nomenclature is too overpowering for young readers; while other subjects, such as Induction and Classification, are treated with disproportionate brevity. The highly systematic and technical form of the book, which makes it unsuitable to a beginner, gives it a certain value from the point of view of science. Several special points are of interest, such as the space given to relative arguments, forms of argument not naturally expressed in syllogisms; or the new token of quantitative of the predicate as implied in the process of converting propositions, though not natural in itself. Miss Jones works out effectively the consequences of what she calls the twofold character of terms, their application and their signification—two new synonyms which she introduces for the old terms extension and intension; this gives her exposition consistency, if not simplicity. She declines to follow the example of some writers by distinguishing sharply between deductive or formal and inductive or material logic. Philosophically, indeed, the most interesting feature of the book is the view which she takes of the connection between the various laws of thought implied in deductive and inductive processes. The principle of ideality in divinity is regarded as the fountain-head of all judgment and reasoning, the divinity being one of the characteristics which are interdependent and uniformly interdependent (Section xix). There is, at least, much to be said for considering the principles of deduction and induction as not differing in the nature of the evidence, however much they differ in the completeness of the evidence on which they rest. A collection of exercises follows at the end of the book.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THERE is truth in the assertion that during the past ten or twelve years there is hardly a subject in the scientific world which has received more attention than "Bacteriology"—the study of microbes. Dr. Griffiths, of Birmingham, states at the outset that he has prepared this manual in order to meet the requirements of those who are wishful to obtain some exact knowledge of the nature and doings for good or for evil of those minute forces which are termed microbes or bacteria. The mystic words, microbes and bacteria, have been "hurled at the popular head with so much emphasis and so little explanation" that Dr. Griffiths says that he would not be surprised to find many people cherishing the delusion that they

* A MANUAL OF BACTERIOLOGY. By A. B. Griffiths, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., F.C.S. (Heinemann's "Scientific Handbooks.") London: William Heinemann. Crown 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

IN OLE VIRGINIA; OR, MARSE CHAN, AND OTHER STORIES. By Thomas Nelson Page. New Edition, with an Introductory Sketch by T. P. O'Connor, M.P. London: Ward, Lock & Co. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

THE SCHOOL CALENDAR AND HANDBOOK OF EXAMINATIONS, SCHOLARSHIPS, AND EXHIBITIONS, 1893. With a Preface by F. Storr, B.A. London: Whittaker & Co. 12mo. (1s.)

ASTRONOMY FOR EVERYDAY READERS. By B. J. Hopkins, F.R.A.S. Illustrated. London and Liverpool: George Philip & Son. Crown 8vo.

SEVENTY YEARS IN THE VICTORIAN ERA: Embracing a Travelling Record in Australia, New Zealand, and America. By a Physician. Illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Crown 8vo.

POPULAR LESSONS ON COOKERY. By Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter. Eleventh thousand. London: Percival & Co. Crown 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

IMPRESSIONS OF DANTE AND OF THE NEW WORLD. With a Few Words on Bimetallism. By J. W. Cross. London: William Blackwood & Sons.

are a species of "fiery serpents," which crawl about day and night seeking whom they may devour. It is some consolation for unlearned and ignorant men to find that microbes, harmless or deadly, belong to the vegetable rather than to the animal kingdom, for such knowledge unquestionably takes away the "element of repulsiveness" which gathers around the notion that these insidious foes of humanity are internal animal parasites. All the same, some of the most deadly diseases which afflict the race can be traced to these minute plants, and, therefore, since consumption, diphtheria, cholera, scarlatina, and other maladies have been proved to be due to the action of certain microbes on the blood and tissues, it is rightly urged in these pages that all medical men, sanitary engineers, chemists, physiologists, and the like, should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the results of the latest scientific investigations in this direction. This book has accordingly been written for their learning and that of the stout-hearted householder anxious to walk circumspectly. There is a chapter on the "Methods of Cultivating Microbes," a cheerful occupation—with which, if possible, we do not intend to intermeddle. Banter apart, the book is admirable—clear, explicit, scientific in principle, and popular in style.

The Israelites had their flesh-pots even in Egypt, and life in many a house of bondage "In Ole Virginia" was not half as black as the anti-slavery orators were fond of painting it. With the exception, perhaps, of Mr. G. W. Cable, no man has depicted with more insight, sympathy, or skill the plantation life of the South or the meek fidelity of the slaves than Mr. Thomas Nelson Page. He is himself a Virginian, and has lived amongst the coloured people all his days, and he is old enough to remember the tumult and carnage of the Civil War. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., contributes a brief sketch of Mr. Page to the present volume, and from it we borrow a few facts concerning a novelist who has recalled with singular vividness and conspicuous art a phase of life which, in spite of much injustice and oppression, was not without its bright and romantic aspects. "Marse Chan" holds the place of honour in this group of tales; it was first printed in an American magazine about eight years ago, and its graphic descriptions and simple human pathos won instant and wide recognition. Stern Abolitionist though he was, Henry Ward Beecher was melted to tears by it, a circumstance which was all the more remarkable since the sentiment which pervades this picture of slave-life is, as Mr. O'Connor says, "intensely, uncompromisingly, almost defiantly, Southern." There are other stories in the collection which show how thoroughly Mr. Page has caught the salient characteristics of the social life which he describes, and though most of them are written in the colloquial speech of the negroes who are supposed to tell them, readers on this side of the Atlantic will not find that fact a serious obstacle to their enjoyment of a tenderly beautiful and dramatic book.

Amongst minor works of reference "The School Calendar" holds a recognised place. It is now in its seventh year of issue, and with each appearance its scope seems to widen. Amongst the new features of the present volume are papers on Technical and Secondary Education and the County Councils. The book contains the usual detailed list of university, local, and other examinations for the current year, as well as particulars of Scholarships and Exhibitions in the public schools of Great Britain. Information is also given concerning open scholarships at Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, and other university centres. The list of Technical School Scholarships is capable of improvement, and as it stands is incomplete, and in other directions the manual—admirable though it is—is not altogether satisfactory. A good many interesting facts will be found in these pages concerning the facilities which now exist for the higher education of women.

Apart from its scientific interest, which, by the way, is considerable, "Astronomy for Everyday Readers" ought to attract attention because of its author, a young mechanic, whose career deserves to be described as a fine example of self-help. Mr. B. J. Hopkins was born in London in October, 1862, and after receiving a very indifferent education became pot-boy in a small public-house kept by his father in Hornsey. At the age of twelve he developed a taste for science, and in the course of the next year or two gained the certificates of the Science and Art Department of South Kensington in natural philosophy, drawing, and geometry. At fourteen he became the proud possessor of a small pocket telescope, and whatever pence he could accumulate went to the purchase of books on astronomy. He was apprenticed to a brass-engraver, and had to work for twelve hours a day, but this did not damp his enthusiasm for astronomy, and whilst he was still in his teens he became a contributor to several scientific journals. When still a lad of fifteen, young Hopkins was fortunate enough to win the notice of no less eminent a man than Sir George Stokes, who in turn interested the Earl of Crawford—then Lord Lindsay—on his behalf. Lord Crawford invited the young student to visit his splendid observatory at Dunocht, near Aberdeen, where he was drilled into the methods of making observations, and obtained at the same time a practical insight into the construction and working of astronomical instruments. Since then Mr. Hopkins has contributed several papers to the Royal Astronomical Society,

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and we understand that he has now the best collection of astronomical books possessed by any working man in England. This little book is intended for men of his own class who desire to master at all events the rudiments of a sublime and fascinating science. It explains the phenomena associated with the earth's rotation, the phases of the moon, the tides, and the seasons, solar and lunar eclipses, and meteors, shooting stars, and comets. The book is written with knowledge, simplicity, and care, and the diagrams scattered through its unpretending pages serve to render the explanations of the text still more clear.

The Victorian Era on some men's lips is an elastic term, and even "A Physician" is guilty of making it synonymous with "Seventy Years of Life." Possibly he was thinking when he wrote the title of his book of the length of Her Majesty's days, rather than the years of her reign, but, however that may be, the somewhat handicapped volume is pleasant reading. It is a modest and genial record of its author's experiences in various parts of Europe, America, Australia, and New Zealand, and it occasionally throws side-lights on public affairs. As a member of the Army Medical Staff, the writer saw active service in the Crimea, and, like everyone else who is entitled to speak from personal knowledge, he is emphatic in praise of the womanly skill, sympathy, and devotion shown by Miss Florence Nightingale at that great crisis. Since then he has roughed it up and down the globe, and seen many men and many cities, and in these graphic pages he recounts in a frank and hearty fashion the diversified experiences of a long professional career. Every now and then the reader comes across a passage which is full of manly indignation over the unredressed wrongs of the poor, whilst the deep but delicate sympathy which pervades the book, without being paraded in it, leads us to hail the anonymous scribe as one who is worthy to rank as a good physician.

The Education Department has for years encouraged "Lessons on Cookery" in schools, and much has been accomplished, by special grants in this direction, to train girls in what has sometimes been called this "cardinal domestic virtue." Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter lays stress on the fact that there still, however, remains unreachd a vast multitude of girls or women into whose hands at some time or other the commissariat department of the home is bound to fall. Many of them appear to be content to take up the practical duties of life without any preparation at all. Indeed, their only qualification might almost be said to consist in their ability to distinguish beef from mutton and flesh from fowl. There is truth in the assertion that bad cookery leads many a man to drink, and after old age and sickness, Mr. Charles Booth has shown conclusively that drunkenness stands next among the causes of poverty. This cheap manual consists of progressive lessons in plain and better-class cookery, and the directions given are clear and sensible, and are, moreover, quite evidently the outcome of wide knowledge. We heartily commend the book, and can do so with the more confidence as we have tested its information at various crucial points.

Mr. J. W. Cross's title-page leaves a curiously incongruous impression. This book consists of reprinted magazine articles, of which perhaps the most interesting are "Dante for the General," and "Social New York." The latter exhibits a sympathetic spirit towards Americans, and a cordial acknowledgment of their good qualities, which are refreshing and a little surprising in a contributor to *Blackwood*—though, indeed, it was not in the pages of *Maga*, but of *Macmillan*, that this particular essay saw the light.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- A STUDY IN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT. By J. Pollard, C.A. Reprinted from the *Scotsman*. (Blackwood.)
 THE DEVIL'S DIAMOND. A Novel. By R. Marsh. (Henry & Co.)
 ART AND HANDICRAFT. By John D. Sedding. (Kegan Paul.)
 ESSAYS ON VEGETARIANISM. By Arnold Frank Hills. (The Vegetarian Publishing Office.)
 SEVENTY YEARS OF LIFE IN THE VICTORIAN ERA. By a Physician. (Unwin.)
 ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON. By S. A. Matson. Second edition. (Unwin.)
 DO THE DEAD RETURN? By a Clergyman of the Church of England. (Unwin.)
 CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Vol. X. (Chambers.)
 THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN. By Adele Crepaz. Translated by Ellis Wright. (Swan Sonnenschein.)
 THE COUNTY FAMILIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM. By Edward Walford, M.A. Thirty-third annual publication, 1893. (Chatto and Windus.)
 A TREATISE ON PUBLIC HEALTH. By Albert Palmberg. Translated by Arthur Newsholme, M.D. Lond., D.P.H. (Swan Sonnenschein.)
 THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM BASSE—1602, 1653. Edited by R. Warwick Bond, M.A. (Ellis & Elvey.)
 HISTORIC TOWNS. York. By James Raine, M.A., D.C.L. (Longmans.)
 CHURCH AND STATE. By A. Taylor Innes. Second edition. (T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh.)
 POTATO CULTURE. Report, 1892. (Cassell.)
 A GRAMMAR OF THE DIALECT OF WINDHILL, IN THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE. By Joseph Wright, M.A., Ph.D. (Kegan Paul.)
 NORTHUMBERLAND WORDS. A Glossary of Words used in the County of Northumberland and on the Tyneside. By Rd. Oliver Heslop. Vol. I. (Kegan Paul.)
 THE SUPREMACY ORIGIN OF THE BIBLE. By Henry Rogers. With a Memoir by R. W. Dale, LL.D. Eighth edition. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 THINGS NEW AND OLD. By H. O. Arnold-Forster. Standards I, II. Cassell's Modern School Series. (Cassell.)
 CHILDREN OF THE KING. A Novel. By F. Marion Crawford. Two vols. (Macmillan.)
 AMERICAN NOTES, AND PICTURES FROM ITALY. By Charles Dickens. A reprint of the first editions, with the illustrations. (Macmillan.)
 THE HEART'S AWAKENING. A Novel. By Marie Connor. Three vols. (Chapman & Hall.)
 ESSEX: HIGHWAYS, BYWAYS, AND WATERWAYS. By C. R. B. Barrett. Second series. (Lawrence & Bullen.)
 LED FROM DARKNESS. The History of a Life Struggle. By H. E. Stone. (E. Marlborough.)
 FOUR MONTHS IN PERSIA. By C. E. Biddulph, M.A., F.R.G.S., M.R.A.S. (Kegan Paul.)
 SOME NOTES OF THE PAST, 1870-1891. By the Right Hon. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. (Murray.)
 THE EARTH'S HISTORY. By R. D. Roberts, M.A. University Extension Manuals. (Murray.)

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G. LAWSON, Director of Army Contracts.
War Office, Pall Mall, S.W., 8th February, 1893.

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JOHN FARROLD, Secretary.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1893.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS : AT HOME.

MR. GLADSTONE'S speech in introducing the Home Rule Bill last Monday was a marvellous *tour-de-force* for a man who is more than an octogenarian. It may be doubted whether any other Englishman could have explained so vast and novel a scheme with such fulness and plainness. But then Mr. Gladstone has always possessed an almost unique power of marshalling facts or figures in such a manner as to make them intelligible to his audience. He even seems to invest the driest details with life, and to give a column of statistics a certain air of picturesque reality, so that those who recall the speech, looking back, can see the important points standing out above the unimportant. This is Mr. Gladstone's secret. He displayed it most wonderfully in his Budget speeches long ago; though perhaps the finest display he ever made of his unrivalled powers of picturesque exposition was in the great speech in which he introduced his first Irish Land Bill in 1870. There was an old man in the House that night who had sat in it for thirty years, and who hated Mr. Gladstone with a perfect hatred, but that speech conquered even him. "By G—," he exclaimed, bursting out of the House when the great orator sat down, "I never thought the fellow had this in him! It's the most wonderful speech that was ever made."

As the Bill will be delivered to members and the public this morning, it is not necessary here to clear up one or two ambiguities in certain statements made by the Prime Minister, but we may, without impropriety, recall to our readers the brief recapitulation which appeared in last week's *SPEAKER* of the leading points in the measure of Home Rule that we have advocated. We named then six points, and it is gratifying to know that five of these points are incorporated in the Bill. As to the sixth, the reduction next year, in the event of the Bill passing, of the Irish representation to eighty members, it is not a matter of vital importance, and it is quite possible, moreover, that it will be reconsidered in Committee. The first object of the Bill has been to safeguard the great Imperial interests, and to provide adequate protection for the minority. This has been done by a series of exceptionally strong provisions. The second object has been the granting of the fullest satisfaction possible to the aspirations of the Irish people.

THE manner in which the Bill has been received by the Opposition makes it quite clear that they are

fully determined to resist Home Rule, no matter of what nature the Home Rule Bill may be. Without waiting to see the Bill, they have denounced it with passionate and indiscriminating vehemence. Mr. Balfour, indeed, was indiscreet enough to describe it as "an abortion," an epithet which, remembering his own ridiculous Local Government Bill of last year, he would have done well to have avoided. But, clearly, the Tory Unionist coalition believes neither in Home Rule nor in Local Government. The one Irish policy to which it is finally committed is the policy of coercion pure and simple.

BUT if Mr. Gladstone has failed by his measure to conciliate the Unionists, he has been more successful in his second object. Both sections of the Irish party have accepted the Bill, subject to certain modifications on points which are not vital. It has been accepted also by the entire body of Liberals, and thus the last hopes of the Opposition have been destroyed. The Bill will certainly pass the House of Commons during the present Session, and it will rest with the Peers alone to say whether the measure shall become law this year, or shall, by their fruitless and unreasoning obstruction, be delayed for another year. Everybody knows that when once it has received the assent of the House of Commons its triumph is assured.

THIS fact, that the passing of the Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons during the present Session means its eventual triumph, is one that cannot be too clearly impressed both upon the supporters of the Government and the Opposition. The latter, of course, scoff at the idea, and talk of another dissolution on the Home Rule question as inevitable. There is no inevitableness about it; and the next dissolution, if it were to be forced upon us in connection with the present Bill, would turn upon a much more exciting question than that of Home Rule—a question upon which the great mass of the electors would be enthusiastically favourable to the policy of the Liberal Government. But, as a matter of fact, there is no case on record in modern times in which the House of Commons, having carried a great measure like that of Home Rule, has ever allowed itself to be driven back either by the House of Lords or outside clamour. The supporters of Home Rule in that House may rest assured that victory this Session means victory altogether.

MR. JOHN REDMOND'S speech was a bitter disappointment to the Tories, who had been harbouring

a fond hope that the Parnellite members meant to play the part of wreckers to the Home Rule Bill. For our part, though we have differed from them, of course, and found plenty of fault with some of their proceedings, we must say we have never taken this stupid and insulting view of the Parnellite members. We have recognised their sincerity, and we have always felt confident that, when it came to the scratch, their patriotism would effectively assert itself. Mr. Redmond's clear, able, and moderate statement on behalf of his colleagues differs so little, even in its critical attitude, from the equally clear and able statement of Mr. Sexton on behalf of the Irish Parliamentary party, that the entire Nationalist representation of Ireland may now be described as united in support of the principle of the Bill. This is, perhaps, the fact of best augury for Home Rule amongst all the events of a remarkably auspicious week, and it is a fact highly creditable to the statesmanship of the Irish members as a whole.

MUCH sympathy was felt with Lord Randolph Churchill, owing to the manifest physical weakness from which he was suffering during the delivery of his remarkable speech on Thursday evening. The large House which remained to greet the appearance of the old familiar figure in debate again was shocked to see the change which a few years have wrought in Lord Randolph's health. His opponents—though they will suffer for it, for his speech shows him to be by far the ablest leader in opposition which the Unionist party has—will wish as heartily as his friends that he may very soon regain his old vigour. Perhaps the return to the fighting atmosphere of the House may prove the tonic he needs.

CERTAINLY his speech, though it contains only old exploded arguments and old discredited appeals to religious and party passions, is the only speech from the Tory side which shows a trace of leadership in the manner of its conception. It does not say much for the strength of the Unionist position that this is the best face that can be put upon it. But such is the fact. Compared with Mr. Balfour's puerile little exercise in dialectics, Lord Randolph's is a masterly achievement. It is a speech drawn, on fighting lines, behind which one could imagine a party making a stand. Lord Randolph goes straight for the one source of strength the Unionists have to rely on—old stupid prejudices and blind, unreasoning passions. If his attractive and stimulating personality is available for his party, the Opposition may yet have a leader who will show some fight. It is beginning to be evident that the leadership of the Balfours and the Chamberlains is going to be a *quantité négligeable*.

THE election of Chairman of Committees is to take place on Monday, when the House will be moved into Committee of Supply for the purpose. The Government will then proceed with the introduction of some of the leading measures promised in the Queen's Speech, beginning with the Registration Bill, the Employers' Liability Bill, and the Railway Servants (Hours of Labour Bill).

BOTH on the Continent and across the Atlantic the outline of the Home Rule Bill has been greeted with very general approval. In America and Canada—countries which have some experience of Federation in its practical working—this approval is particularly emphatic. The foreign Press is not altogether hopeful as to the prospects of the Bill—and we cannot wonder, seeing how very greatly foreign observers of English politics are still dependent on the *Times*—but its main features and its intention have found approbation alike in Paris and Madrid, in Rome and Berlin. There are, of course, some conspicuous ex-

ceptions. The *Journal de Genève*, for instance, which is sure to be quoted by Unionists presently, is a very worthy paper, which now, we believe, calls itself Democratic, but has a holy horror of what the rest of the world knows as Democracy and Geneva as Radicalism. And it sees all things English through an Orange medium. The *Neue Freie Presse*, again, in condemning the Bill, speaks—first, as the organ of the “German Liberals” in Austria, who claim to represent the “Austrian Empire”—that is, Unionism and Anti-Federalism “in its purest form;” and secondly, as cherishing several old grudges against Mr. Gladstone, partly for his attitude on Eastern questions, partly for his comments in the past on the position of Austria.

No friend of the House of Commons can wish to see it involved in one of those quarrels with particular newspapers which are alike beneath its dignity and opposed to the whole spirit of the age. At the same time it must be confessed that the attack made upon the Irish Members by Lord Wolmer, and subsequently adopted and amplified with characteristic malignity by the *Times*, was as gross a breach of privilege as could well be imagined. Without a shadow of proof, and, as it happens, in absolute contradiction to the truth, a shameful corruption was imputed to a large body of Members of Parliament. Lord Wolmer invented the disgraceful libel: the *Times* made haste to aggravate it. Both are now shown in their true colours, and the Irish Members have found a fresh opportunity for exposing to the world the utter worthlessness of the statements of the “leading journal” on the Home Rule question. It must be remembered that this is neither the first nor the second time when it has been similarly exposed, and it has only been through the covert protection it received from the late Government that it has hitherto been enabled to pursue its campaign of slander and misrepresentation with impunity.

ON this occasion its own friends have been constrained to throw it over; and some of them, notably Mr. Courtney, have spoken of its action in language which can hardly fail to touch its conductors to the quick. But perhaps the best proof of the contemptible position into which the *Times* has fallen so far as this Irish question is concerned is the amusing evidence which was afforded on Thursday night of the fact that nobody now takes the trouble to read its leading articles on the subject of Ireland. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Courtney, all took occasion to inform the House of Commons that they had not seen the libellous article of which the Irish Members complained, and they thus showed how little value they attach to the opinions of that newspaper. This fact ought to afford some consolation to the Irish Members under a most gratuitous and unprovoked outrage.

LORD ACTON is known far and wide as a man of learning. If he continues to hold Mr. Morley's brief in the House of Lords, he is likely to become equally famous as a Parliamentary wit. Nothing more delicious than the delicate humour of the reply with which he has set everybody laughing at Lord Londonderry's expense this week has been heard in that lugubrious assembly since Lord Beaconsfield quitted its crimson benches. Lord Londonderry is the standing incarnation of solemn Tory ignorance with regard to Ireland. True, he ruled that benighted country as Viceroy—Mr. Balfour's Viceroy—for some years; but that circumstance only serves to bring his peculiarity into more picturesque relief. He is the constant victim of those bogus outrages of which the *Dublin Daily Express* and the *Dublin correspondent* of the *Times* seem able to furnish an unflinching supply. On Wednesday he came down to the House labouring under the influence of the latest of these

atrocities—a blood-curdling moonlighting quest, of persons disguised in sackcloth visiting farmers' houses, surrounding parish priests on outside cars and demanding money and arms. He challenged the Government on the subject.

LORD ACTON luckily was able to quiet his fears and satisfy what he called the noble marquis's "vigilant curiosity." The moonlighters were children keeping a local religious anniversary, known as St. Bridget's Eve, by going about, according to ancient custom, singing and dancing, and collecting coppers from the neighbours. Their weapon of offence—for they had a weapon of offence—was a broomstick dressed up and decorated as a doll, and "technically known," said Lord Acton, "as a Biddy." It is well for these Biddyites that Lord Londonderry is not now ruling the destinies of their country, or they would be in grave danger of meeting the fate of those three little boys indicted for "whistling with derision, with intent to intimidate," or that gentleman in Armagh Fair convicted of "putting out his tongue in a threatening manner," or the pig-jobber who gave the policeman "a humbugging sort of a smile," or the old lady who was guilty of "a grimace, a cross between a laugh and a cough," or the many, many other political malefactors who suffered the penalty of the law when the noble marquis and Mr. Balfour directed the operation of its terrors from Dublin Castle. Still we join with Lord Acton in hoping that Lord Londonderry, "with his great opportunities and advantages in the study of Irish affairs," will not discontinue the practice of challenging the Government upon these matters.

THERE was an extraordinary paragraph in the *Times* of Thursday, which must, we feel assured, have crept into it without the knowledge of the editor. The paragraph appeared under the heading of "Political Notes," and was as follows: "It has leaked out that the payment of members was the principal topic of conversation at Mr. Gladstone's dinner-table on Tuesday night." Now, we have no knowledge as to whether this statement is or is not correct; but whether true or false, it is certainly not one that ought to have appeared in the pages of the *Times*. If the gentleman who acts for that journal in the Lobby of the House of Commons has sunk to the point of snatching at chance scraps of information about the conversation at private dinner-parties, he has reached a point at which one may vainly hope he will pause and turn back. Public life is already being made hateful to thousands by the manner in which even private affairs are dragged to the light of day in connection with political questions. Still, up to the present hour, our politicians have believed that dinner-table talk was sacred, even from the paragrahst. If we are to alter even this wholesome rule, a new horror will be added to public life.

WE are glad to see that the question of the magistracy, to which we have so frequently called attention, is now receiving the urgent attention of the Government. The Home Secretary has given notice of his intention to bring in a Bill relating to the property qualification of county justices, and Mr. Bryce's answer to a deputation which waited upon him this week showed that Ministers do not intend to allow the ends of justice to be defeated by the action of any particular lord-lieutenant. These august pages may be very powerful in their own opinion; but it was never meant that they should subordinate the interests of justice and the duties entrusted to them to their own personal prejudices. Still less was it contemplated that they should set the Government of the day at defiance. It may be taken for granted that before long they will be compelled to realise the fact that, if they wish to retain their functions, they will have to act with some show of

impartiality towards both political parties. In any case, it is pleasant to think that we are so soon to witness a great reform in the administration of justice in the rural districts.

THE result of the Hexham election will be made known to-day. The prospects of the Liberal candidate were regarded by his supporters as very hopeful, despite the prejudice which exists in most constituencies, where a vacancy has occurred upon an election petition, in favour of the unseated member. The victory at Pontefract was a very gratifying one, and may be taken as a set-off to the loss of a seat at Huddersfield. The Liberal majority in the House of Commons is now restored to the figure of forty, at which it stood originally, before the death of Mr. Winterbotham. There is reason to believe that it will be raised still higher when the pending elections have been decided. The success already attained by the Ministerialists, and the manner in which the Home Rule Bill has been received, have effectually damped the spirits of the Opposition, and convinced them that the Government is going to last.

VERY little has come of M. Lœydet's friendly interpellation of the Government in the French Chamber on Thursday. It enabled M. Ribot to make an effective appeal to Republican solidarity and to obtain a vote of confidence with a majority of 129. This, however, will not carry either the Government or the Chamber very far unless some genuine effort is presently made to balance the sentence on M. de Lesseps and his fellow directors with an equally rigorous treatment of the Panamist politicians—those gentlemen of Government and Chamber who, in M. Charles de Lesseps' phrase, lay in wait for the enterprise to levy black-mail on it "like brigands one meets in a wood." What the French public are thinking of most at this moment is not the Republic's record in regard to Carmaux or its dealings with M. Clémenceau and the Extreme Left, but the fact that M. Rouvier is still at large and practically under the wing of the Ministry. Much more will be heard of this phase of the question when M. Milleroye's interpellation comes on. If the Government of M. Ribot does not want to play hopelessly into the hands of the Boulangists it will help in promoting the prosecution of M. Rouvier as quickly as possible.

LORD DUFFERIN'S amiable but dignified rebuke to the French press may seem over here, where very little is thought of such matters, a superfluous proceeding. But Lord Dufferin is doubtless right. He is on the spot, and he knows, in the present inflammable state of French public opinion, when the disease of suspicion has reached the proportions of a virulent epidemic, how dangerous to international good feeling the utterances of reckless journalists may any moment become. It seems to us that the French Government, which was so solicitous in the case of Baron Morenheim recently, would show both wisdom and good taste if it marked in some way its sense of the slanders to which our ambassador has been subjected.

THE political situation in Germany becomes more complicated every day. The Committee of the Reichstag on the Army Bills is sitting daily to discuss the financial aspect of the scheme. But its decisions hitherto have been purely negative. The Liberals estimate the increased cost entailed by the scheme at fifteen millions sterling annually. But as they can hardly base their opposition on financial grounds alone, they have insisted on the reduction of the term of service to two years by express enactment as a preliminary to the scheme. Now, this offends the extreme Conservatives, who are already

very sore at the prospect of a commercial treaty with Russia which will expose the German agriculturist to Russian competition. Their organ, the *Kreuz Zeitung*, has just gone out of its way to attack the Russian ambassador, and has received a severe official rebuke in the Reichstag.

THE Centre, too, insist on further reductions of the Government demands. But their attitude is very obscure, whether from policy or internal dissensions. There are fresh rumours that, whatever the Bavarian Catholics may do, the rest of the party are ready to support some sort of compromise on two conditions—first, the readmission of the Jesuits as an order; second, a school law for Prussia like that which was proposed last year, providing compulsory religious instruction for all children without reference to the belief or unbelief of their parents. As to this latter, the Prussian Minister of Education has just declared in the Landtag that religion ought to be just as much a compulsory subject as anything else. As to the former, there are rumours that the Jesuits are looking out for suitable properties in the Rhine provinces in case of their return. One wonders if they will re-establish themselves at the Abbey of St. Maria Laach, so long the centre of an active propaganda.

FOR some years past Russia has been actively at work destroying all non-Russian elements on or near her western frontier. Finland is rapidly losing its separate existence; Germans and Austrians to the number of 25,000 were expelled from Volhynia and the neighbouring provinces in the summer of 1891, and last year foreign immigrants, whether naturalised or not, were forbidden to settle or acquire landed property (save by inheritance) anywhere outside the towns of that province. But the German population of the Baltic province have been treated the worst. Their Lutheran worship has been interfered with; their pastors persecuted; the German University of Dorpat, which has produced some notable scholars, has been Russianised, and now an Imperial ukase announces that that town and Dunaburg are henceforward to be known officially by their Slav names of Yourief and Dvinst. It is stated that patriotic almanacks and pictures of the German Emperor have been spread broadcast through these provinces by unwise German sympathisers; but the Russian action can only serve to intensify that antipathy between the German and Russian peoples, to which Count Caprivi recently made such effective reference in the debate on the Military Bill.

THE Italian Budget statement is the old story. Last year there was an estimated deficit of ten million francs, which gradually swelled, in fact, to forty-eight millions. This year there is to be a surplus of ten millions, next year a surplus of fourteen hundred thousand. The chief means of securing this alteration is a reform in the pension system, which is said by its opponents to burden future generations for the benefit of the present, and will certainly meet with violent opposition if it is at all effective. There is also to be a Government monopoly of petroleum, producing thirteen million francs annually; and there are suggestions of a similar monopoly of alcohol. The Customs receipts are increasing, and more than ten millions of expenditure are to be saved by the various economies proposed. But this sort of prediction has so often been made and falsified of late years in Italy that it must be received with considerable reserve—especially as, according to common report, Signor Grimaldi's continuance in office is only a question of days.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

THERE is less to report about the banking scandals than last week. The persons in custody are said to be confident that they know too much to be brought to trial. The collapse of the Banca di Napoli is now ascribed to the fact that its director-in-chief had lent the Banca Romana seventeen hundred thousand francs in cash, to be exhibited as cash reserve to a Government inspector. Unfortunately, however, both banks were inspected simultaneously, and the lender, in despair, fled with the remaining cash reserve of his own bank, 370,000 francs. The municipality of Catania has been defrauded of a large sum, and the officials of a local bank which is in difficulties are said to be implicated. But the chief news this week is that Signor Crispi, who was at first supposed to control the secret springs of the Ministry, is now meditating a hostile coalition with Signori Nicotera and Zanardelli, the latter of whom controls about ninety votes in the Chamber. Signor Crispi's organ, the *Riforma*, has announced itself as "the organ of the old Parliamentary Left," and demanded a general and comprehensive reform of finance, national defence, and foreign policy. Here is a fresh complication in the political situation. And there are again signs that the Ultramontanes may at last be permitted by the Vatican to take part in the politics of the Italian Kingdom.

LAST week the Paris *Matin* published a startling article from our former correspondent, Signor Bonghi, condemning the Triple Alliance, and declaring that the German Emperor—whose faults the article enumerated in detail—did not excite that admiration in Italy which his father had secured. The Court promptly erased Signor Bonghi's name, so it is said, from its list of invitations, and his article, together with one in the *Nuova Antologia*, is under the consideration of the Cabinet.

THE solution of the pending crisis in Hungary seems to have receded into the remoter future. It is believed that the Premier has returned from Vienna with some sort of compromise, though not with a proposal to introduce universal civil marriage, to which the Emperor strongly objects. It is said that the Ministry will confine itself at present to proposing the recognition of the Jewish faith, postponing the solution of the mixed marriage problem until next year, in order to make headway with the Budget. The Dissident Liberals who recently seceded from the Ministerial party on this question are doing their best to keep up agitation—it would seem with indifferent success. The question, however, is rather complicated by the fact that Herr Wekerlé is too *bourgeois* for the feudal aristocracy, and by the violent opposition of the National party and of "the men of '48."

So after all Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is engaged to a Bourbon Princess—Maria Louisa Pia, the daughter of the Duke of Parma, grand-daughter of the last King of Naples, and sister of the future Empress of Austria. Politically the matter is as important as such a thing can be, because the Princess is a young lady of decided character, and saturated, according to report, with the feelings of the Austrian aristocracy, among whom she has been brought up. The event is thus a fresh link in the chain of circumstances which draws Bulgaria away from Russia.

OUR Copenhagen correspondent writes:—Although the political doings in the Danish Parliament cannot be said to justify the opinion, several able and clear-sighted politicians are fairly sure that the two Chambers will succeed in agreeing about a Budget for the first time in nine years. The Right and the Moderate Left can, of course, carry a Budget

through, should the latter be willing to extend their co-operation with the Government thus far, and perhaps the Moderates now consider their constituents to be sufficiently toned down for the purpose.

THE same correspondent writes: In Norway the Moderates passed the following resolution at a meeting last Saturday, February 11th: "Feeling convinced that every Norwegian Government, in the negotiations relative to the Union, will know how to protect the rights of Norway as a State possessing full equality, this meeting—which considers the maintenance of the Union as an invaluable boon for both countries, and which finds the equality sustained also with a joint Minister for Foreign Affairs (Norwegian or Swedish)—holds that the time to commence such negotiations is now at hand. At an impending settlement with Sweden all matters which do not require a joint decision should as far as possible be separated and placed under the special authorities of the respective countries. The abolition of the system of joint consulates should be carried through as far as the interests of Norway may demand." This programme is vague enough to attract support from very various quarters, barring, of course, the extreme Left. The Government is in rather an awkward position, and Herr Steen and his colleagues have, it is hinted, not yet been able to make up their minds as to what course to pursue. There is no prospect of their demands being granted. The question is, When and how far must they be pushed, and when will it be most convenient and expedient to make room for a (temporary) Conservative Government?

ONE man one vote is the rule in Switzerland, as in all properly ordered democratic countries. But the little canton of Ticino, which has raised so many curious questions in political theory in the last three years, has now raised the question whether the voter can choose where he will vote. To-morrow (Sunday) there is a general election, and the Ticinese settled abroad—most of them Radicals—are to pour across the St. Gothard in special trains, coming from Basel, from Geneva, from Zürich, even from Paris and London. Those who are domiciled in other Swiss cantons have, according to Swiss law and practice, acquired the right to vote there, and have accordingly been struck off the registers in their native canton by its Conservative Government. But the Radicals contend they can only be struck off if they can be shown to have actually voted in their new domiciles, and threaten, not obscurely, that there will be another revolution if their votes are disallowed. Now it is these "emigrants"—let us say the outvoters—who turn the scale in favour of the Radicals in Ticino.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc. "THE well-known and often entertaining author," to quote his own description of another man, who contributes literary articles to the *Daily News*, has been pleased to deliver himself of a splenetic criticism of Q's recently-published volume of verse. Mr. Andrew Lang—for we need hardly say that it is Mr. Lang who contributes these amusing and sometimes instructive articles to our contemporary—appears to be angry with Q because he has that quality, too rare in poets, modesty. But surely Mr. Lang, who is by way of being a poet himself, might have been thankful to meet with at least one rival bard who is not inflated with a consciousness of his self-importance and eager to thrust his merits upon the world. Seriously, something seems to have gone wrong with Mr. Lang on this occasion. As a rule, he is tolerant even of bores, and why he should snap at a writer of Q's distinction it is difficult to understand. "Green Bays" is not a work that we can fitly review in these pages, wherein Q is not only a constant but a welcome and an honoured guest. We are glad to know, however, that, despite

Mr. Lang, the public is not only showing a keen appreciation of Q's verse, but is buying it.

THE last fortnight has seen the publication of three important classical works which we hope to notice fully at an early date. Mr. Sandys, the Public Orator of Cambridge, has brought out a very full edition, with numerous emendations, of the recently discovered treatise of Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens (Cambridge University Press). It seems to deserve very high praise; but time and long use can alone test and prune a commentary, and it is only just two years since the discovery of the text. Mr. Pater's "Plato" (Macmillan) is a brilliant work, which, unfortunately, cannot but suggest the question what the philosopher would have thought of his critic's other books. Finally, Mr. Warde Fowler's "City State of the Greeks and Romans" (Macmillan) is an unpretending but valuable little volume, though its title may possibly excite hopes of greater things than it proves to contain. It does not profess to contain anything new, and draws (so far as we can discover) almost entirely on the old literary sources, not on inscriptions. But it contains a view of the development of city life through religion which we do not remember to have seen put so explicitly before, and it forms an excellent introduction to the study of Comparative Politics.

THE fact that Bismarck, in his pensive moments, has been a forger of sententious aphorisms was brought to mind by the appearance last week in Paris of a translation of his "Note-Book of Youth." This work dates from the great man's nineteenth year, and it is full of solemn remarks. For example: "Love is blind; friendship shuts the eyes" (which is not bad, by the way). Again: "You often hear the rich man saying to the poor man, 'I have no money.' A great mind in certain fashionable gatherings says as much by its silence." "In the *tele-à-tete*," says Bismarck, "a woman speaks aloud to the man who is indifferent to her, low to the man she is near loving, and keeps silence with the man she loves." We seem to have heard something like this before; but when the Prince compares wise men to stem-winding watches, which have attached to themselves the machinery for regulating them, and other men to old-fashioned watches, which need a separate key, he is entirely original. Let us conclude with the following, which is worthy of the author of "Three Men in a Boat": "Reading a medical book one fancies one has all the maladies it describes; similarly when reading the work of a moralist one discovers all the faults he points out—in others."

THERE is good news this week for all who travel in the more northern parts of Europe. The new route from Harwich to the Hoek van Holland, just inside the Maas, is to be in full working order in June next. Fast steamers can probably make the passage in five to six hours. The route will be much the shortest from England to all parts of Holland, and, if it shall so please the Prussian State railway authorities, to North Germany as well. To the Scandinavian countries the change will effect an even more considerable saving of time. It is a pity, of course, that travellers to Rotterdam should be deprived of the picturesque voyage up the Maas. But such pleasures inevitably disappear as travel becomes more rapid. The Atlantic ferry, before many years have passed, will be a ferry indeed. It will probably run from Milford Haven to some point on Long Island Sound, and so will be shorn both of the beauties of New York Bay and of the grandeur of the southern coast of Ireland.

THE human eye is well known to be a wonderful piece of optical construction, capable as it is of correcting errors of achromatism, etc., and adjusting

itself automatically for all distances. Besides the refracted image, which falls on the retina and which serves us with the purposes of vision, there are three reflected images, the presence of which has been known so early as the beginning of this century, being described by Purkinje. The formation of these images can easily be understood when one remembers that each ray of light, in its journey to the retina, has to pass through four fundamental elements, so to speak, of the eye—viz., the cornea, the aqueous humour, the crystalline lens, and the vitreous humour. At each of these surfaces the rays may be reflected, thus giving rise to four additional images. Three of these can be easily seen, but the fourth requires careful observation. Since these images, falling as they do off the retina, are useless for visual purposes, they are again liable to be reflected back into the eye. That this is so has recently been shown by M. Tcherning, who finds that they appear on the retina as a faint patch of light, or, as he calls it, "lumière nuisible." Thus, then, on the whole, we have a total number of seven images; and this fact may probably prove of importance not only to opticians, but to medical men.

SIR CHARLES LEWIS had been Conservative M.P. for Derry and North Antrim, and was well known in the financial world. Posterity will, perhaps, remember him best as having provoked the bitterest of the many bitter debates in the House of Commons of recent years, *à propos* of the first of the Pigott letters in 1887. Mr. W. G. Ainslie represented the North Lonsdale division of Lancashire in the last Parliament in the Conservative interest. Sir Charles Wathen had been six times Mayor of Bristol, and was prominent in philanthropic enterprises in the city. Count Von Toll was Russian Minister at Copenhagen. The Rev. R. T. West was a well-known High Church clergyman. The Rev. F. O. Morris was an admirable naturalist, perhaps of the less scientific type—he could never reconcile himself to Darwinism—but a charming writer, especially on ornithology, with very wide knowledge of his facts, and even wider sympathy. Mlle. Augustine de Brohun (Madame Gheest) had been one of the most distinguished members of the Comédie Française.

WE regret that our obituary of last week did injustice to the memory of the late Lord Northbourne in two respects. He sat in the House of Commons for ten years as a follower of Sir Robert Peel, not as a Conservative; and though he had not recently taken an active part in politics, he was never a Unionist, but always gave his cordial assent to the policy of Mr. Gladstone.

THE BILL AND ITS CRITICS.

THE confusion of opinions which prevailed immediately after Mr. Gladstone's speech on Monday is dying away, and we are beginning to hear criticisms of the Home Rule Bill which are not absolutely futile. It was hardly edifying to read the earliest expressions of opinion, especially in the Unionist journals. Nothing could be more manifest than the determination of the writers to damn the scheme regardless of its merits. If every particular clause had been different in character, we should still have heard precisely the same utterances, the same excited declaration that the Bill was one which could never pass. Happily, the measure itself will to-day be in the hands of the public, and we shall hear other voices besides those of the party hacks. Some of the conspicuous merits of a really great scheme of constructive statesmanship are already beginning

to be recognised, even by the foes of Home Rule; whilst the supporters of the Government are having their eyes opened to those matters in which Mr. Gladstone's plan is capable of being improved. For our part we need hardly say that we hail the Bill with delight; for in it we see the full acceptance by Ministers of nearly all the suggestions which we ventured to make in these pages whilst the measure was still being debated in the Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone's Bill has, in fact, much in common with what people erroneously chose to call "THE SPEAKER Bill," and our *amour propre* ought accordingly to be vastly gratified. But it is not on this ground that we join heartily with those who are applauding Mr. Gladstone's scheme. We admire that scheme because it is great, comprehensive, and original, and because, despite the harsh criticisms of Tory writers and speakers, it is eminently workable. The rights and interests of the Empire as a whole are safeguarded; and no less jealously are minorities in Ireland protected from possible oppression; whilst at the same time a full concession is made to the Irish people of the demands they have put forward so persistently and so strenuously. The Union, upon which so much hollow eloquence and sham sentiment have been expended in recent years, remains absolutely unaffected. Not even the most excitable of Orangemen can truthfully declare that this measure will destroy it. On the contrary, indeed, it must be strengthened materially by the removal of those dangerous elements in the relations of the two countries which are now a perpetual menace to it. The supremacy of the Imperial Parliament is set forth in the preamble of the Bill, and is insisted upon in every line of the measure. The veto is that which we advocated seven weeks ago in these pages, as at once the strongest and simplest that could be devised—the veto of the Lord-Lieutenant acting as the representative of the Crown and the Imperial Government. The Second Chamber, if it does not meet the views of the people of Ulster, will elicit proof of the fact that nothing will satisfy the inhabitants of that province except the maintenance of the present system of supremacy of the minority over the majority.

So much for those provisions of the Bill which are designed to meet honest Unionist objections to Home Rule. To our mind they meet those objections in a manner not to be controverted, and if only our opponents were open to reason they would make haste to accept this Bill as entirely satisfactory. But there are dishonest as well as honest Unionist objections to the measure. Prominent among the latter is the plea founded in 1886 upon the exclusion of the Irish Members from the House of Commons. A great deal of nonsense has been current of late on this subject. It has apparently been forgotten that almost every man who opposed the Bill of 1886 on this ground is now an opponent of any Home Rule Bill whatever. The truth is that seven years ago the enemies of Mr. Gladstone, who were far more strongly bent upon driving him from office than upon defeating Home Rule, seized upon this particular provision of the Bill and made it an excuse for their hostile vote merely because they saw that the cry they raised was more plausible than any other they could have used. It was not the press or outside opinion of any kind whatever, but the active wire-pulling of Mr. Chamberlain and of certain other bitter enemies of the Prime Minister, that in 1886 procured such a withdrawal of Liberal votes in the House of Commons on this pretext as rendered the defeat of the Bill inevitable. After 1886 there were a certain number of genuine Home Rulers who, for the most part in ignorance of the intrigues which had raged round this point, gave expression to their

opinion that the Irish Members ought to be included. Mr. Gladstone, clearly against his own better judgment, has yielded to the representations which have been urged upon him, and has provided for the retention of the Irish Members. Has he conciliated any single human being by doing so? He has done nothing of the sort. The men who killed the Bill of 1886 because the Irish Members were excluded are seeking to kill the Bill of 1893 for precisely the opposite reason. That brilliant trio, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Chamberlain, have not even the grace to apologise for their change of front. The measure which they pretended they would have accepted seven years ago is offered to them now, only to be rejected with scorn, for reasons which are just as trustworthy and honest as those they alleged in 1886. In these circumstances Mr. Gladstone has done well to make the House of Commons clearly understand that the clause relating to the retention of the Irish Members represents rather an opinion that has been forced upon him than one which has been spontaneously formed. Of the manner in which he seeks to give effect to that opinion in the Bill, it is only necessary to say that it seems to be the safest and simplest that was available if all objections were to be met. But clearly this is a subject to be dealt with in Committee, when perhaps some constitutional authority on the Unionist benches may show how the proposals of the Ministry are to be amended. For ourselves, we should prefer to see the Irish Members included in reduced numbers on their present footing; and this, we believe, is the opinion of most Liberals.

We have no intention at this moment of criticising the details of a measure which has not yet been placed in the hands of the public. We have contented ourselves with showing that the Bill does meet satisfactorily honest Unionist objections, and that it goes as far as human wit can devise towards meeting that objection which we have ventured to stigmatise as dishonest. On other points the solution is practically that which has been proposed and supported in these pages. The land is for a short time withheld from the Irish Parliament, and a period of six years is allowed for the disbandment of the constabulary, the judges remaining for a similar term under the Imperial Government. Otherwise Ireland secures the full rights of self-government at once. The financial clauses will, we trust, be extended in the direction of increased liberality. The worst possible economy would be the starving of the new Irish Government, whilst, as we observed some time ago, when the Home Rule difficulty has come to be merely a question of pounds, shillings and pence, there is no wise Englishman of any party who will not vote for its settlement. But we must have the Bill before us before detailed criticism can be attempted usefully. For the present it is enough to note two great facts. The first is that the Bill is accepted with satisfaction not only by both sections of the Irish party, but by the British supporters of the Government. There will be no schism in the ranks on this occasion; and the measure, we can confidently predict, will be carried not only to a second but to a third reading. The other great fact is that the enemies of the Bill are making no attempt to criticise it upon its merits. They are opposing it because they are prepared to oppose any measure that seeks to satisfy the opinion of the bulk of the Irish nation. Their opposition is rabid and unreasoning. They seem to have adopted the theory of the Ulstermen—that no Irishman outside of Ulster is fit to be at large or to be trusted with his personal liberty. Happily, this furious hatred of all that makes for peace and righteousness in Ireland has already been discounted by seven years of incessant declamation.

The cries of these Unionist priests of Baal fall now upon deaf ears. Not a vote, not a voice, will be affected by their frantic attempts to rekindle the flames of passion and hatred upon the altar of the false god they serve. And a consciousness of this fact runs through all that they say and all that they do. From Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain down to Mr. T. W. Russell and Mr. Jesse Collings, they speak in the tone of men who know that they are beaten. They foresee that this great measure will be adopted by the House of Commons; and that, as they are well aware, means that sooner or later it must be accepted by the House of Lords.

A LIBERAL FOREIGN POLICY.

THAT Lord Rosebery has gained high praise from the Tories for his manner of dealing with the questions raised in connection with Egypt and Uganda is not in itself a matter which need trouble any Liberal. In both questions the Foreign Minister had to deal with a complicated and difficult situation, and the line he took was dictated by the very necessities of the case. If it pleases the Opposition to hail him as a Jingo in disguise, they must be allowed to do so; but no Liberal is entitled to assume the accuracy of the charge until the country has seen Lord Rosebery's manner of treating some new question, in which he is not bound and gagged by the engagements of his predecessors. If he were then to drift away from Liberal sentiment and from the principles which Mr. Gladstone and the majority of his colleagues hold with regard to foreign affairs, his position in the Ministry would naturally become one of great difficulty. But until something of this kind happens—an eventuality which we do not for a moment contemplate—it is altogether gratuitous and absurd to assume that the Foreign Secretary is not in harmony with the rest of the Ministry with regard to foreign affairs.

It is not too soon, however, to say something about the cardinal principles of a Liberal foreign policy and the line upon which Her Majesty's present Ministers ought to conduct their relations with other countries. The public has protested strenuously against every attempt that has been made of late years to entangle Great Britain in Continental alliances, and there is not the slightest fear that, during Mr. Gladstone's continuance in office, we shall be dragged into any kind of engagements with any of the European Powers. At the same time, it must be confessed that the public does not appreciate quite so keenly as it ought to do the fact that, so long as we stay in Egypt, we cannot maintain that position of entire isolation and independence which ought to be ours. An English army of occupation in the Nile Delta means the loss for the moment of the enormous advantage of our insularity. We have a vulnerable frontier, in fact, and, having it, we are compelled to take many things into consideration which we might safely disregard if we were restored to our old position of isolation. Yet even this important fact cannot affect the main point of our foreign policy. What is that main point? It is the vital necessity of the maintenance of a good understanding between this country and the United States. Every wise man now knows that this, and not any dazzling project of Continental alliances, is the object upon which the eyes of our Foreign Secretary ought to be fixed. Great Britain could afford, if necessary, to face Europe in arms against her; but what she could not afford would be open hostility between herself and the people of the great American Republic.

More and more clearly is this fact coming to be recognised by our statesmen, and, happily, not by ours alone, but by those of America as well. More and more clearly is it being made apparent that the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race is one, and that not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of the world at large, it is necessary that all the branches of that race should be bound together by the cords of mutual affection and goodwill. Mr. Arminius Vambéry, lecturing the other day to a German audience, pointed to the undoubted fact that English was already the most fashionable language upon the face of the earth, and that before long it would be the language spoken outside of China by the majority of the human race. The amazing spread of our mother tongue in the last twenty or thirty years is merely symbolical of the spread of our race. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof"; but it would seem as though the Lord had chosen the English-speaking peoples of the world to take possession of His inheritance. And by English we do not mean merely British; we include the people of the United States, of Canada, of Australia, and South Africa—those who have gone forth conquering to found new States throughout the world, as well as those who remain at home, rearing and training the pioneers of the future. It is the greatest fact in modern history, this growth and spread of the rule of the Englishman. We in Great Britain must rejoice over it with an exceeding great joy; and yet we must at the same time recognise in it the signal for the loss of our own Imperial supremacy. The sceptre must, ere many generations have passed away, be transferred from our hands to those of others. It is to our interest, as well as to that of the world at large, that it should fall into the hands of men of the same blood and the same tongue, holding the same opinions upon the great problems of life and conduct, and maintaining similar institutions to ours. Self-interest, therefore, as well as that nobler instinct which takes into account the interests of humanity as a whole, ought to lead us to adopt, as the cardinal point of our foreign policy, the maintenance of a close alliance, not with the contending nationalities of Europe, but with the living forces beyond the seas, in whose hands destiny has placed the future of the Anglo-Saxon race.

What can the Liberal Government and the Liberal Foreign Secretary do to advance this policy? Much, we believe, can be done even in these piping times of peace. One great task that must be accomplished before we can hope for a perfect understanding between ourselves and the United States is, of course, the settlement of the question which is this week uppermost in all men's minds. When we have restored peace between ourselves and the people of Ireland, the most irritating and dangerous question now at issue between us and the English Americans will have been settled. It will no longer be possible for politicians on the other side to gain capital for themselves by "twisting the lion's tail." The Irish vote in the United States will cease to be emphatically an anti-British vote. At every point, too, where there is an apparent conflict between the policies of the two countries, regarding fisheries, trade in the Pacific, or similar matters, a wise English Foreign Secretary will know how to maintain the dignity and interests of his own country without ruffling the susceptibilities of the Americans. It would be well also to remember that deep down in the hearts of both peoples there is a common sentiment of affectionate regard for the other. More than once they have remembered in times of strife and trial that "blood is thicker than water;" and whatever may have been said or done

by the politicians in either country, the feeling of the sturdy mass of the people has been one of mutual sympathy and goodwill. To encourage and stimulate this feeling is a task to which statesmen might well devote themselves. At this very moment the people of America are entering upon a year of peculiar interest to them, and, indeed, to the whole world. We trust that a Liberal Government, at all events, will not think that there is anything puerile in the suggestion that an occasion is thus afforded for a great display of goodwill and sympathy on the part of Great Britain towards America. In more than one quarter it has been suggested that the sending of a large representative British fleet to American waters to take part in the national celebration would be a graceful and welcome act in the eyes of the American people. We trust sincerely that so wise a suggestion will be duly carried out.

THE SOURCES OF THE IRISH CONSTITUTION.

PERHAPS the most foolish criticism yet made upon the Home Rule Bill is Mr. Balfour's. "A Federal government," he said, "may be good. Colonial government may be good. The British Constitution as it stands may be good. But this bastard combination of the three is a ludicrous impostor." Does Mr. Balfour really think that a practical scheme is any the worse in the eyes of the British people for want of logical completeness according to the political syllogisms of the schools? It has never been the habit of the English-speaking peoples to go to the *philosophes* for lessons in the art of government. Locke made a logical Constitution for Georgia, which was not a success. Montesquieu is responsible, as one sees from the references to his authority in the *Federalist*, for some of the few defects in the Constitution of the United States. But, as a rule, we have been conspicuous among nations for our indifference to philosophy. We care more for precedent than for principle. We prefer a practical remedy for actual difficulties to the most ingenious scheme which was ever devised by a dreamer or a metaphysician. Some of us in our salad days may have enjoyed the luxury of Utopias, may have felt liberal with Locke, or arbitrary with Hobbes, or historical with Burke, or puzzled with Hegel and Fichte. But when we come to deal with facts in real life, the dust is allowed to gather on the tomes of these worthies of the past, and we find that we can gain much more practical assistance from the much-despised Blue Book. Hobbes, one would fancy, was Mr. Balfour's early love; but the time has surely come to put Hobbes up on the shelf, and consult the statutes of the realm instead. The Irish Constitution is a workable and practical plan, largely because it is not philosophical. Partly Federal, partly Colonial, partly Parliamentary, if you like, it is the result of the accumulated experience of our race in government applied to the most difficult problem Britain ever had to solve.

The Irish Question is *sui generis*. There are no two leaves alike in the forest; and Nature, with her infinite variety, has never made two nations in the same mould. There are points of resemblance between the relations of Ireland and England, and those of Norway and Sweden, of Austria and Hungary, of Hungary and Croatia, of Prussia and Bavaria, of England and Canada, of Canada and Quebec, of New York and Massachusetts. But there are also in each case points of difference. Two peoples, separated by the sea, and differing in character, in history, in religion, in industrial development, are so

bound together by proximity, by common interest, and by the process of colonisation, that they can never be under entirely separate Government. To devise a Constitution which will allow dissimilarity in things different without allowing division in things of necessity united is no easy task. The task has been successfully accomplished by proceeding in the same course which has made us successful in dealing with other problems. In order to meet each difficulty, the Cabinet has looked for a precedent to the experience of the British race. Within the English-speaking world we have Federalism in the United States and within the Canadian Dominion, Colonial relations between Britain and her Colonies, and at home the Mother of Parliaments with her inalienable supremacy. From each source wisdom has been drawn, and what Mr. Balfour thinks the defect of the Bill is really its glory.

From the Colonies many lessons have been learnt. The Irish Legislative Council is formed on the model of those in Victoria and South Australia, on the whole the most successful Upper Chambers in the world, with the exception of the American Senate. A parallel to the Statutory Cabinet, or Executive Committee of the Privy Council, is to be found in the British North America Act. The reservation of the Land Question for three years is in accordance with many Colonial precedents, where the Land Question has been reserved for some years after the grant of responsible government. The supremacy of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is no new thing. In that comfortable upper room in an office in Downing Street, without the adventitious aid of wig and robe, the learned lords of the Privy Council administer the Scots-English law of Ontario, the French law of Jersey and Quebec, the Roman-Dutch law of the Cape and Guiana, the codes and the customary systems of India. It will add but little to their very miscellaneous duties when they come to determine on the validity of the statutes of the Irish Parliament.

Much, too, is merely a development of the existing Constitution of these islands. The supremacy of the Parliament at Westminster is once more declared and reinforced. The impotence of that Parliament to bind itself by any renunciation (which was perhaps forgotten in drafting the Bill of 1886) is now remembered. The Irish Parliament is to be a model *in petto* of that at Westminster; the Parliamentary control of the executive is to be established at Dublin. Even the debateable expedient by which the Irish members are only to vote on Imperial or Irish matters is not so entirely strange as it seems. Foreign correspondents have pointed out that the Croatian members occupy a similar position in the Hungarian Legislature. But we prefer to look nearer home. For many years past it has been the custom to arrange that no Irish business should be taken during certain weeks or months of the Session, and in accordance with this arrangement most Irish members used to take a holiday, and allow the British members to conduct their own business. We are only going a step further in this Bill.

But in many ways the American precedents are the most interesting. The hand of Mr. Bryce has been at work on the Bill. The very words of the constitutional amendment of 1863, by which the Northerners when they withdrew from the Southern States sought to protect the negroes under Southern government, are now introduced to protect the Irish minorities. And probably when the Bill is printed many other resemblances will be found. Yet it is not in the wording of the Bill but in its working that the most beneficial effects of American experience may be expected. A hundred years ago the Irish people might have been unable to work successfully

a system so limited by checks and balances. The political knowledge which they have learnt from England—lessons of lawlessness and of hate—would certainly not help them to use so delicate an instrument. But it is from America, which now contains more than two-thirds of the Irish race, that they have learnt political wisdom. The humblest and most illiterate Irishman knows more of America than many educated Englishmen. He is able to understand the distinction between federal and state rights, and how practical self-government can be enjoyed without a separate army or a separate flag. He knows how a Supreme Court may override with authority the decisions of legislatures and be obeyed. He has learnt of a Senate which is powerful and respected, and not like the House of Lords, impotent and despised. He has come to understand that Churches are the better for not being established, and that religious equality is one of the first principles of human progress. It may seem strange to some, but we look to the influence of American Irishmen as one of the strongest powers for good in the working of the new Irish Constitution.

THE UNIFICATION OF LONDON.

A QUESTION was to be put last night to the President of the Local Government Board regarding the intentions of the Government with respect to the unification of London. By the unification of London, we may assume, is meant the sweeping away of the division which now exists between the City and the rest of the Metropolis, and the setting up of one central authority over the whole of this vast province of bricks. We do not know what answer Mr. Fowler may have given to his questioner, though we may imagine from what we know of the intentions of the Government that it was distinctly sympathetic. But the subject of the unification of London is one at once so vast and so important that no Liberal, at all events, ought to be in any doubt as to the policy which Ministers should pursue. We have on our hands as a community one of the gravest problems ever submitted to a ruler or a people. We live in the greatest city the world has ever known, and it is a city in which extremes meet as they have never met elsewhere. It was but the other day that the Duke of Devonshire, having driven from his palace in Pall Mall to a philanthropic gathering in the East End, made the singular admission that it was the first time in his life that he had ever been in that part of London; and the Duke was certainly by no means an exceptional offender in this matter. There are thousands and tens of thousands of persons living in the enjoyment of wealth and luxury in the West End of London, to whom Whitechapel, and the great districts which lie still further east than Whitechapel, are more of an unknown territory than Central Africa itself. Yet a twopenny ride in an omnibus would take any one of these persons into the midst of that vast *terra incognita* which lies at our very doors, and whose wants and demands are being voiced more and more clamorously in our ears. The richest and the poorest city in the world, the most cultured and the most ignorant, the most refined and the most depraved, London offers to-day to the thinking man such problems as have never before since the world began been presented to law-maker or law-giver. How to deal with these problems, how to bring about, not that positive equality vainly dreamed of by the Socialist, but that levelling up and levelling down in which we may see the nearest approach to a practical realisation of such dreams,

is the question with which active politicians of to-day have to deal.

The London County Council has done well, and, despite occasional extravagances, due in part to the exuberance of youth, and in part to the urgency of the claims made upon it, has earned the gratitude of all who desire the weal of the community as a whole. But if it is to go further in its noble work, one great obstacle to progress must be removed. It is impossible that the chief governing body of our vast community should find itself confronted at every turn by a rival power, rich in material resources, and richer still in old traditions and historical prestige, which, whether willingly or unwillingly, blocks the way to many an improvement demanded by the city as a whole. There is no need to indulge in any violent vituperation of the City of London and its mode of government. Undoubtedly the Lord Mayor and the Corporation represent a great past, and on many occasions they have stood boldly for the liberties not only of their own citizens, but of the country as a whole, when those liberties have been threatened by high-placed tyranny. But the times are changed, and we have reached a stage in the national development when almost everything that is good and useful in civic institutions and forms of government has departed, and when we are left to deal with that which at the present day can only be pronounced a useless and costly anachronism. The City—using the word in its limited and technical sense—with its vast wealth, its complete autonomy, and its highly conservative spirit, represents a power at war with progress and with those new ideas which are creeping into the minds of politicians and statesmen of all parties with regard to the condition of the people and the modes by which it can be bettered. The time seems to have come when a bold assault must be delivered against the citadel of this chartered and highly favoured foe. Not until the wealth and the privileges of the City of London have been made available for the benefit of London as a whole, can we really say that the Metropolis has in the matter of self-government been placed upon the same footing as the great boroughs of the provinces. Nor is it possible for the central governing authority to enjoy the influence which it ought to possess, whilst it has at its elbow, or rather planted in its very midst, this independent authority, allied so closely to worn-out traditions and mischievous ideas. We trust that Ministers, who have already shown so wise a courage in the performance of their duties, will not shrink even from the great enterprise of a sweeping reform of the civic administration of the City. We cannot indeed hope that they should at once proceed to the attack. They have other and still more urgent tasks in hand, and these must be carried out before they enter upon any new crusade. But they may at least give full proof of the fact that they are in hearty sympathy with our London party of reform, and that they are prepared to take some practical step which shall pave the way for direct action in no remote future. In the meantime the question is one which certainly interests every Londoner. Let every citizen—whether he be a citizen in the restricted or the wider sense of the word—ask himself whether we are not now paying too high a price for the preservation of the antiquated and obsolete privileges of the Corporation. If he faces the question fairly, he can give but one answer to it. The time is at hand when reform must touch even the venerable fabric which has its material representative in the Guildhall, and when the privileges of full citizenship shall be accorded, not to a limited and narrow-minded clique, but to all who have to bear their part in the heat and burden of life in London as it exists to-day.

FINANCE.

THE currency crisis in the United States is weighing upon all departments of business, not only in that country but in Europe. The inflation of the currency in consequence of the purchases of silver is driving out gold at an alarming rate. The Treasury, in order to fulfil its engagements, has already had to borrow from the banks, and is urging them to lend more. The banks, on their hand, are recommending the Treasury to issue bonds, which would be saleable in Europe, and thereby get the metal from Europe. But as the Harrison Administration is going out of office in a fortnight, it is unwilling to take such a step. Meantime, the existing Congress will not repeal the Silver Purchase Act, and nobody knows what the new Congress may do, although it is notorious that the President-elect is in favour of repeal. The facts being so, it is only too probable that there will be a grave crisis. Of course, it is possible that at the last moment something may be done to avert it; but if nothing is done, and the gold shipments continue as at present, a crisis seems inevitable. What the consequences of the crisis may be, of course, cannot be foreseen, for nobody knows whether there is much bad business in the United States. It is notorious that there have been very great amalgamations of railway companies, formations of trusts, and the like, and all this could not have been effected without considerable credit operations. A sharp fall, therefore, might inflict such losses as to cause serious failures. In that case this country would be likely to suffer more or less, its debtors in the United States being unable, promptly, at all events, to fulfil their obligations. But if there is not a great accumulation of bad business, a mere currency crisis generating temporary distrust would not have very grave consequences so far as Europe is concerned. It is also to be borne in mind that there has been hardly any speculation in Europe in American securities since the Baring crisis, and that, in fact, a smaller proportion of those securities is now held in Europe than for very many years past.

The crisis would injure the United States itself more than any other country, although its recuperative power is such that it is reasonably to be anticipated the recovery would be rapid. There is another point, however, not to be left out of account, and that is the possible effect upon India, and the other silver-using countries. If the silver purchases are stopped, silver must fall in value, and the trade with all silver-using countries must be disturbed. If, on the other hand, Congress refuses to stop the purchases of silver, gold will continue to be exported from the United States, silver will become practically the standard of value, and it is quite possible that the adoption of silver by so great a country as the United States may result before long in an unexpected rise in the price of the metal. But whatever may be the outcome of the crisis, for the time being it will put a stop to all risky business, and therefore investors will be well advised to exercise great caution in what they buy. Not only should they keep aloof, for the time being, from American securities, but they will be prudent in waiting to see whether there may not be a considerable fall, even in securities which will not be directly affected by the crisis.

The extraordinary shipments of gold from New York have so far satisfied the Continental demand that it has become much smaller than it was a little while ago. The Bank of France has ceased encouraging imports, the German demand is declining, even the Austro-Hungarian demand is not as active as it was. Still there is a considerable demand, and in spite of the great shipments from New York, the Bank of England in the week ended Wednesday night lost as much as £260,000 in gold. For all that the Money Market is exceedingly easy. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has paid off a considerable amount of Treasury Bills, which to some extent has counter-

balanced the large collection of the revenue. Trade is very quiet, speculation is held in check, and so the demand for loans and discounts is very small. But the ease is deceptive. The price of silver rose on Thursday to 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce, owing to the good demand for India and the belief that the purchases in America will not be stopped for some time longer. Dealers in silver, however, ought to be very cautious, for it is impossible to foresee what will happen in the United States. As already said, if Congress refuses to repeal the Purchase Act, the price may rise very considerably after a while. On the other hand, if the Act is repealed, there may be a panic fall. No doubt, it is likely that the cessation of the American purchases would be very quickly followed by a great falling-off in the production. But even if that happens, the first effect will be a serious fall in silver. Caution and prudence, therefore, ought to be observed.

THE ANNUAL SPRING WAR-SCARE.

IT is not too much to say that if Mr. Poultney Bigelow's article in last week's *SPEAKER* had appeared in print forty years ago, when as yet Russia was the veritable "Dark Continent," it would have had the effect among other things of sending stocks down with a rattle on every Bourse of Western Europe. Since it was published last Saturday, the national stocks of the countries which war in Eastern Europe would most seriously concern—England, Germany, Austria, France, Italy, Turkey—have all risen; Russian consols have remained unaltered, and the Russian "exchange" has actually improved. There is a special significance in the fact that during the week the shares of the Lemburg-Czernovitz railway, which skirts the Russian border throughout a great part of Austrian Galicia, should have had a considerable rise. Nor has this appreciation in the values of national and kindred securities been the result of optimism on the part of financial Europe; but simply that *la haute finance*, which may be regarded as the barometer of international politics, is better informed as to the situation, present and prospective, than is Mr. Bigelow.

Against the imminence of an European war the counter-indications are at present exceptionally strong. The recent visit of the Tsarewitch to Berlin is probably merely only a casual indication of the general tendency toward that modified *rapprochement* between Germany and Russia which is more substantially marked in the arrangements concerning a commercial treaty. If Russia were intending war this spring, she would scarcely be designing to send a large squadron across the Atlantic in April, instead of detaining it for active service in the Baltic. Neither Germany nor Russia is ideally ready for the struggle which is probably inevitable in course of time. Germany's attitude of preparedness is normal; but her chiefs would, nevertheless, fain abide the reinforcements which the new Army Bill will furnish if passed. Russia, again, is never quite ready, and the Millennium probably will surprise her in her chronic attitude of unreadiness. Her leading present need is a magazine rifle. She has experimented with more than one type of weapon, but without practical results; at last she has made a definite selection of a repeating arm, but now, and for at least two years to come, her soldiers must content themselves with the improved "Berdan," a very inferior weapon both to the German and the Austrian rifle. To-day there is not a magazine rifle in the Russian army, and it is, therefore, extremely unlikely that Russia will engage willingly in war until fully equipped with a better small-arm. She has the warning memory of her fearful losses before Plevna from the "Remingtons" of the Turks, with which her obsolete "Krankes" could not cope.

Moltke has declared that "it is no longer the ambition of monarchs which endangers peace;" but autocratic sovereigns may be swayed by other

passions. Mr. Bigelow is conversant from youth with the apparently somewhat complex disposition of the German Emperor. The Tzar has two ruling passions—a hatred of war, and hatred of Germans. The problem as regards him is, which passion shall conquer the other? Trammelled by no Parliament, influenced neither by responsible Ministers nor by personal favourites, the big lonely despot is wrestling out that problem single-handed. It is an awful position. There is no real public opinion in Russia whose voice can speak to him either in encouragement or restraint. For once, it is true, Russia rose in her might, and forced on the late Tzar the thankless crusade across the Danube. In the nation to-day there is, no doubt, a strong dislike to the Germans; but the feeling is not intense and universal enough to bring pressure to bear on the lonely autocrat. Probably no solution would please him better than a universal disarmament. But of that deliverance for the burdened nations there is no glimmer of hope. One constantly hears the argument that war must come soon, because the continued burden of preparedness is becoming unendurable. The truth is that the armed Powers stand in awe of war, not only because of its crushing cost as now conducted, but because of the realisation that, whatever be its issue, one inevitable legacy will be the enforcement of increased armaments, not only on each and all of the combatant Powers, but also on those which shall not have shared in the strife.

With fullest appreciation both of Mr. Bigelow's literary merit and his industry in gaining information, I must venture to characterise him as an alarmist with a somewhat defective sense of responsibility and discretion, and with a strong animus. I can corroborate him regarding most of his statements as to the movements of the Russian troops which he details so fully. Some of his information is not very new. When, for instance, he states that before his article shall have been printed, orders may have been given for the creation of a 21st Army Corps in the Russian Army, by transferring the 39th Infantry Division from the Caucasus westward to Wilna and conjoining it with the 40th Infantry Division already there, it may be observed that this disposition was determined on so early as 1888. And some of his information is not quite accurate. As an evidence of the progress of the "Russification" of Finland he cites the removal of the 24th Division from that province, and the substitution for it of the Finland Rifle Brigade reorganised with purely Russian recruits. But the 24th is and was a purely Russian Division, consisting of sixteen battalions. The Finland Rifle Brigade consists of eight battalions of the same character; so that consequent on the removal of the former force, there are actually now in Finland eight fewer Russian battalions than before that event—a reduction scarcely promoting the "earnest Russification" of Finland. Sometimes he understates matters, as when he mentions that "to-day Russia, on what she alleges to be a peace-footing, maintains 41 Divisions of infantry and 19 of cavalry." As a matter of fact, the Russian regular army of to-day consists of 48 Infantry Divisions and 21 Cavalry Divisions. He will find, again, that the Grenadiers consist, not of three Divisions, but of four.

Except that he does not recognise the infantry Division remaining in the Kazan Military District, and apart, of course, from the troops of the Caucasus, Mr. Bigelow's statement is correct that "it is almost literally true that to-day Russia has scarcely a single line regiment east of Moscow." But it is not the case, as readers of Mr. Bigelow's article might infer, that this westward trend of the Russian army is a thing of to-day, or was a thing of yesterday. Its inception was the outcome, and the legitimate outcome, of Sadowa, and of Prussia's sudden advance into the first rank of military powers in the startling campaign of 1866. In the movement there was no shadow or suggestion of menace, at all events up to the dissolution of the *Drei-Kaiser-Bund*, although

later, it is true, events might have seemed to impart to it something of that complexion. But Russia was certainly within her clear rights—nay, it was her clear duty to herself—to begin and persevere with the movement of her forces toward her western frontier, which is her strategic frontier, and on which, therefore, lies her chief vulnerability. The movement has been in progress more or less ever since, in recent years with greater vigour than previously. The drawbacks are extremely serious, great as unquestionably are the advantages. Were each Division to remain in its own recruiting ground, the process of mobilisation—of calling up its reserves to raise it from the peace strength to the war strength—would be easy. But thus would be incurred the delay of moving the mobilised force over long distances by sparse railroads, unequipped with a sufficiency of rolling stock and of expert hands to work the roads up to their full power. So the additional expense is incurred of maintaining the active army in its western positions, not in its economical peace strength, but in a state of compromise between that and the war strength. For example, the peace strength of a battalion is 400 men, the war strength 960; the “increased peace strength” at which the bulk of the battalions of the field army is to-day maintained is 600 men per battalion. But in the event of the outbreak of war, there must be incurred in the consequent mobilisation the long delay involved in bringing up the reservists from their homes in the distant respective recruiting regions, before the field army on the western frontier can be raised to its war strength. During this interval, then, that army can only stand on the defensive, and is not in a condition to carry the war into the enemy’s country. Thus Russia may indeed take what of initiative consists in declaring war; but she cannot promptly follow up the word with the blow, and must content herself for the time with resisting invasion if that should come before her army should have attained its war strength—an event which would certainly occur because of the superior celerity of mobilisation on the part of Germany and Austria. If, then, there is anything of standing menace in the attitude of Russia—and I am not prepared to hold that there is not—the menace is obviously of a passive character.

And it is because of their consciousness that the defensive must be their rôle in the first instance at least, that the Russians, as Mr. Bigelow quite truly states, have selected for defensive purposes the line of the Narev. It is unquestionably an admirable strategic choice. Both its flanks are secure; on the north it is covered by the fortress and entrenched camp of Kovno, where Napoleon entered Russia (which he could not now do at that point); on the south by Warsaw and the Polesian swamps between Bielostock and Baranovitchi.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

FEBRUARY 13TH, 1893.

WHEN witnessing on Monday afternoon the preliminary scenes of a great historic occasion, I could not help wondering how some of the aspects, had he been there to see, would have struck our worthy friend Mr. Samuel Pepys from the Navy Office, who has recorded so many notable matters touching the history of the Parliament. We can imagine him going home to his house in Crutched Friars, and, after describing minutely to the pretty Mrs. Pepys how all the ladies he saw were dressed, and probably disputing with her about the beauty of some, “he for, she against,” inditing something like the following in his diary:—

“13th. To Westminster this afternoon, where by the good favour of Mr. Speaker I had a seat under the Gallery, the spot he reserved for this day for ex-members and distinguished strangers, wherein I felt mightily proud, the more so seeing my Lords Aberdeen, Knutsford, Camperdown, his Grace of Devonshire,

and a mob of other great persons from the Peers’ House scantily used by the constables which chivied them (as the thieves’ word saith) with cries of ‘Stand back, my lords, must keep the way clear,’ and the like. But my lords took it all in merry part, making great sport when one newly-come went up to the door thinking to get in without hindrance and was stopped and sent down by Jennings the door-keeper. I was shown in at once by Jennings right civilly with a ‘When you please, Mr. Pepys, your seat is kept.’ But I chused remain a-while hard by the door to see their lordships’ scrimmage (‘tis a word heard in the tavern relating to the new football game), I wanting to know which lord would gain the Gallery first, having taken a wager with Mr. Tom Ellis (now a junior lord and whip and mighty smart about the lobby but forgetteth not his joke) that it would be my Lord Aberdeen, the first Home Rule Lord Deputy, as would methought be seemly, he backing my lord Battersea, Mr. Cyril Flower that lately was, an active man and springsome for such a press. Likewise I desired to see the handsome Miss —, newly come from the Americas, and my Lady —, and divers other pretty dames who came into the lobby to look at the members, and I trow to be looked at themselves; their beautys both of face and taille, and their dress and gay laughter, all as goodly a sight as I did wish to see. The lobby, too, all of a stir, and well worth the seeing: members shifting about in knots and groupes, and streaming in and out of the Chamber talking of naught else but the great speech a-coming on. They tell me a most grievous rush for seats here at noon, Mr. Speaker having closed the doors till then: several members like to be trampled, others brawling over the hat-planting business, Colonel Sanderson, an ayery man in downright gripes hand on throat with another, but naught came of it. In the streets also much excitement, a monstrous croude as I came down outside the Palace Yard waiting to see the Old Man ride across from White Halle. The Prince of Wales be in the Gallery, with the Duke of York and the Duke of Teck; the French and Russie Embassadors in another Gallery. ‘Twas sure a great occasion and I found myself mightily pleased at being there to see. My Lord of Rosebery, the Foreign Secretary, came up with a card for under the Gallery, and did meekly stand in rank like another, tapping the edge of his card upon his teeth until Mr. Edward Ponsonby, the Speaker’s secretary, did espy him, who with a laugh fetcht him off, saying he had a place bespoke for him and my Lord Spencer in the Embassadors’ Gallery. At three of the clock Mr. Speaker did arrive, and, prayers over, my lords did have their scrimmage. I know not yet which won, but many remarked (using another new phrase which I note down to ask Dr. Max Müller of when I next go up to Magdalen) that the scrimmage was a hot. At last I go in, and find on my left Mr. Attorney-General for Ireland, which they call in that country The Macdermott, being a chiefly style, as the Scots use, a sharp-faced, pleasant man, and on my right Mr. Sinclair, one of the Liberal Unionists, deadly sour at losing of his seat. Mr. Heneage, put out of Grimsby, also here. I was much taken with the way a lusty young country Liberal on the bench before us did resent Mr. Sinclair’s spleenful side-sayings, looking round his shoulder every moment with a black scowl: likeways at an Ulster Fanatique who kept up a constant grumble. In the House was a great coil and racket, all waiting for the Old Man to appear, and impatient therefor, and wondrous it was to see the vast croude and the rows of chairs on the floor, the like of which I have only once before known in all my life. . . .”

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But enough of Mr. Pepys. This was a scene to be seen, and spoken of as seen, through one’s own eyes. There was too much greatness about it for jesting. As men smiled, and enjoyed, and took in the pleasurable breath of all the excitements that filled the air, one nevertheless felt that we were all assisting

at one of the great spectacles of history. We were witnessing a superb and commanding man of genius at the supreme moment of his career, imposing his will upon destiny, so to speak, and determining the future of generations yet unborn. Rarely does history vouchsafe such moments even to its greatest men. Statesmen have before now launched tremendous schemes of policy, promulgated fateful laws, but their most thrilling crisis has usually come in council, or privy-chamber, or close-guarded throne-room; never in such circumstances as those in which Mr. Gladstone introduced his second Home Rule Bill. Indeed in many respects Monday's scene was peculiarly characteristic of our times. When did ever an orator before address such an audience? Consider those actually present, those waiting at the doors, and the whole of civilised mankind in the farthest corners of the globe to whom each word as it fell from the speaker's mouth was being instantly flashed—and what were the multitudes that listened to Cicero in the Forum, or "unstable Athens heaving her stormy seas" beneath the rock-stand of Demosthenes to such an audience? The telegraph cables, anticipating the course of the sun, carried Mr. Gladstone's speech to America, so that at two o'clock the evening papers of New York were selling a verbatim report by the hundred thousand; at noon people were reading it in Chicago; and in San Francisco, which is some hours further off in the sun's track, they had, by this miracle of modern science, a full account, with descriptions of the scene and editorial comments, in their morning papers—an account that same Monday morning of a speech which was only delivered in London on Monday afternoon! Literally, it was a case of one man addressing a world—of a world hanging on the lips of a single man. And this was an old man of eighty-four, who, sixteen years ago, thought that the time had come for him to retire from active life.

I well remember the scene when Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill in 1886. The wonder that then seemed greatest was that a man so old should undertake so gigantic a task. Mr. Gladstone is seven years an older man now, and yet, after those seven years of weary strife and gloom, during which he has seen his party rent asunder and has undergone the bitterest trials of his career, he comes down to the House with unshaken purpose to face that gigantic task anew. To my eyes, as he stood by that same despatch-box, erect, with a bright white flower for freshness in his button-hole, fingering his papers with untremulous touch, and placing beside him what appeared to be the same little bottle from Sir Andrew Clark, he did not look a day older than he did seven years ago. There were many things in the scene which showed that all of us, and that the House and the controversy itself, have grown somewhat older since then. But personally, in physique or in spirit, no symptom of the kind was manifest in Mr. Gladstone. His voice sounded even richer and clearer than throughout the debates of 1886, the figure was quite as sinewy and lithe, and neither the intellectual power nor the will or courage impaired in any degree. Only twice did he take a sip of his doctor's draught, and if I do not mistake he fell back on it three times during the speech in 1886. True, the whole note of Monday's speech was different. It was a conciliatory, not a fighting speech. But the change was due to the altered circumstances of the time; it was deliberately the speech of an older man, but of one who has won his biggest battle, and who feels so certain of his ground that he can trifle with difficulties which before would have been formidable and disconcerting.

It is this fact which explains that abatement of passion which was one of the features of Monday night's scene as compared with the debates on the Bill of 1886. There was certainly more dramatic interest in 1886. Then two great protagonists such as are not often found together in the one Parliament confronted each other across the floor, about

to shake hands, having learned to respect each other after eight years of stormy conflict. Mr. Parnell listened with his sphinx-like smile as Mr. Gladstone, "at the parting of the ways" of Irish policy, renounced for ever the path of coercion, and was melted by the spectacle of the heroic heart and genius of the old man; who in turn paid his tribute to "that very remarkable man" the member for Cork. Strange and sad that the younger man should be gone, overwhelmed in catastrophe, while the older remains to complete the task alone. Then, too, the air was filled with the spirit of a mighty strife not yet fairly begun. Everything was new, untried, unknown, as in the first inspiring but menacing hours of a revolution. The Liberal Party was not yet broken up. The old leader's renegade lieutenants had not yet struck at him their most treacherous blows. Throughout these debates Mr. Gladstone was before all things else a fighter. It was then he spoke of "flowing tides," of his plan "holding the field," and uttered those prophetic vaunts and warnings which are, seven years later, being so strikingly fulfilled. At such moments, with his leonine head and his nostrils breathing combat as he raised himself up with poised forefinger to deliver some defiant taunt, he was a warlike, a chivalric figure—somehow bringing to one's mind the picture of a lion saltant in some noble piece of heraldry. Very different was the figure of Monday night. There was not less vigour nor less determination, and there was decidedly more confidence—the confidence without disillusion which comes when the worst of the war is over. The wine-press has been trodden, the fight has been fought. Mr. Gladstone is at last in power with a majority pledged to sustain his policy. Yet, with all the playful ease, the untroubled mastery, with which he handled his subject on Monday evening, he managed to infuse into his position a good deal of the peculiar pathos of old age. He spoke as one nearer to the grave, further down the valley of years, as one who can say he "bequeaths" rather than offers to his country a policy which he believes will save her honour and her best interests. I shall be much mistaken if that last solemn and touching sentence of his peroration, in which he appeals to his countrymen "as with his latest breath" to hearken to his policy of brotherhood and faith, does not prove the most potent word he has yet uttered for Home Rule. It moved the House when he spoke it, and if he were (which Heaven forbid) to be carried away before his task were completed, it would move his countrymen after him like a sacred testament from the grave.

CUSTOM AND MYTH IN PARLIAMENT.

MR. GLADSTONE, it is well known, is one of the greatest sticklers for Parliamentary traditions in the House of Commons. In this matter he out-Tories the most reactionary of Tories. No actor of the Comédie Française, interpreting a rôle in one of the classic pieces of the "house's" *répertoire*, could pay more devout a heed to the traditions of his part than Mr. Gladstone does when performing some function, ceremonious or constitutional, that belongs to his position in Parliament. His compliments to the mover and seconder of the Address, for example, are models of traditional deportment, and the curious in these matters point with interest to the nice shades of difference between these compliments when Mr. Gladstone is Leader of the House, and when he is only Leader of the Opposition. Similar careful distinctions characterise his references to himself and to the Queen, even in the private negotiations with the members of his intended Cabinet at the various stages—(a) after he has been returned to power at a general election, but before the existing Government has been defeated in the House or has handed up its seals; (b) after the resignation of the outgoing Ministry has been accepted, but

before he has been asked to form a new one; (c) after he has kissed hands, but before his nominations for his colleagues have been approved of; and (d) after they have all kissed hands, received their seals, and are in due possession of their respective offices. Innumerable instances illustrating this trait of Mr. Gladstone's might be cited. It is believed that he even looks with a fond and reverent eye upon the procession of Beefeaters who search for Guy Fawkes in the vaults of the House at the beginning of every session, and it is certain he would make an impressive resistance were it proposed to abolish the custom. Those who understand Mr. Gladstone were thus able to explain how it was that one of the most eloquent and earnestly delivered passages of his great speech of Monday night was one in which he emphasised an objection to his own proposition for curtailing the voting power of Irish members by explaining that such a curtailment would "break a great Parliamentary tradition." "I own," he said, "it touches me nearly, and cuts deeply into the heart and mind of one who has had a long experience of Parliament, and whose life has been associated for nearly three-score years with the life and movement of the British House of Commons." The tradition he alluded to was the absolute equality of members of the House, and here are his eloquent words delivered as he threw his hands above his head with a solemn and energetic gesture: "Be the man young or old, be he rich or poor, be he from the ranks of the highest nobility or be he a representative of the working class, be his powers what they may be, be his standing here what it may, I hold, if it so must be, in defiance of all merely conventional considerations, that the essential equality of members of this House is a principle of the deepest consequence, and forms a part, and a fundamental part, of the environment in which we live, and which, to a large extent, enters into and makes us what we are." The force of this particular contention is one thing, and how great it is those who know the House of Commons can appreciate. There is no doubt the footing on which members from all classes and from all quarters of the kingdom stand towards each other in the House of Commons, the closeness and freedom of association that exist between them, play an incalculable part in forming the character of the British legislator, and in giving to the House of Commons its unique position amongst the deliberative assemblies of the world. But we only wish to point out here that the vehemence with which Mr. Gladstone holds this view derives half its force from the fact that what he contends for is a tradition even more than it is a principle.

Here, again, a further analysis suggests itself. It might be interesting to examine how much of Mr. Gladstone's feeling is due to the native reverence of his spirit for anything which is venerable, and how much of it is due to the fact simply that he has been so long a member of the House of Commons. The House of Commons, which is the home of antiquated usages and hoary anomalies, has a way which is very curious to notice of imperceptibly imposing its sentiment about these things upon those who have for any length of time been its members. There are, of course, and will remain until the end of time, two orders of temperament with regard to ancient customs: one, like Mr. Gladstone's, which sees in them an impressive symbolism, the shrines of ancient liberties and principles, the visible evidence of the part which a great past plays in influencing the present and the future; the other which regards them as senseless mummeries, fit objects for derision and, if they be any inconvenience at all, for angry contempt. One views with a sort of religious enthusiasm, say, the ceremony which attends the visits of Black Rod—the door of the House of Commons shut in his face as he approaches, his having to knock three times and demand admittance as a favour before he is allowed to enter—as a crystallisation into the daily life of Parliament of one of the

stoutest struggles of the popular Chamber to maintain its privileges and liberties against the encroachments of the Lords. To the other temperament it is all a ridiculous nuisance, only fit for the children's pantomime in Drury Lane. There will always remain men who will believe in the virtue of custom with a solemn faith, who will regard the perpetuation of old ways and old thoughts through the subsoil of the present as the very salt and savour of a nation. "*Hanc vitam veteres!*" they will exclaim, "*Sic fortis Etruria crevit.*" And there will exist men to whom these are the mere excrescences and "theatrical properties" of national existence. The two orders of temperament are of course always represented in the House of Commons; quite independent too of political proclivities: for it is an odd thing, that some of the most conservative minds in this respect are to be found amongst the most daring of democratic statesmen—Mr. Gladstone himself is the most striking case in point. But, with all this, the atmosphere of the House of Commons itself seems to exercise a mellowing influence of its own upon its most irreverent spirits and to compel in them in course of time a species of respect even for its absurdities. It may be only the force of habit. But even Mr. Labouchere has come not only to put up with many an old way at which he once jibed, but perversely to like it. This it is which operates with such killing inertia against the carrying out of those numerous reforms about the premises which new Members consider so desirable. They are irked at first and somewhat shocked at the custom of wearing their hats in the House, but by-and-by they are found defending it as one of the sacred privileges of Parliament. It is amazing to see the army of arguments that spring up ready to the hand in defence of every little custom, however inconvenient. When the House is sitting, an attendant may not put his foot upon the floor even to bring a telegram or a card to a member—the telegram or card must be passed from hand to hand along the benches by the members themselves, and many is the curious voyage it performs before it reaches its destination. But why should a base unelected menial touch the sacrosanct floor of the assembly of the nation's representatives? He may do it in the House of Lords. But that is only an additional reason why he must not do it in our House. Do you want to make the House of Commons like the American Congress, where a member claps his hands like a grand vizier in the "Arabian Nights" and a page boy rushes in to take his orders, and while a man is speaking the floor is filled with these little boys running about with drinks and postage stamps to their various masters? Every man should have a desk. Why should he? Let him write in the library. A most rude thing to write while another is speaking. If he does not like the speech let him go to sleep or shout "Divide!" The House ought to be shaped like a horseshoe. But the rectangular shape has helped to preserve the rectangularity of our glorious system of party government. And so on and so on. For such and other copious and potent reasons, notwithstanding scrimmages at noon or early hat-plantings at five in the morning, we incline to believe that the size and shape of the House and its various bad habits will for a long time yet continue as they are.

THE MODERN PRESS.

VII.—"PUNCH."

NOTHING more distinctively English than *Punch* is to be found in the press of to-day. To carry on a comic paper for half a century, to deal freely with the social and political topics of these fifty years, to shoot folly as it flies with the arrows of wit and sarcasm, parody and caricature, and yet to give no just cause of offence to anybody, is surely an unexampled feat in the history of the humorous press. *Punch* has accomplished this and still lives to tell the tale. It has had a great past and a real history,

to the telling of which more than one volume has been devoted. If one were to be tempted into any retrospective survey of our leading comic print, not one, but scores of pages would be needed for the purpose. What a chapter might be written about Thackeray's connection with *Punch*, or Jerrold's, or Tom Hood's, or John Leech's! But here we have to deal only with the *Punch* of to-day—the *Punch* which Mr. Burnand edits, and to which certain well-known artists and men of letters contribute. Of course, it is said to have fallen off in its later days. No human institution lasts for fifty years without somebody being ready to declare that it has "fallen off." Indeed, if nobody were to make that remark about a publication with a past, it would merely mean that it had started at so low a level that no fall of any kind was possible. *Punch* is certainly different to-day from the *Punch* of forty years ago. *Tempora mutantur*, and our old friend has changed with them. But let those who talk about a sad falling-off leave to others the right to differ from them. For our part, we hold stoutly to the opinion that Mr. Burnand has been able to maintain the standard of excellence secured by Mark Lemon and Tom Taylor.

Who are the men who make the *Punch* of to-day, and provide for us week by week our harmless half-hour of amusement? How do they work together in such a fashion as to produce the harmonious result which is offered to us every Wednesday morning? Of course, there are secrets in every newspaper office, and *Punch* has its full share of them. We do not pretend here to lift the veil and reveal everything the world may wish to know regarding the staff and methods of our contemporary; but something may be told without impropriety, and without, we believe, hurting the feelings of a single human being. All the world has heard, for example, of the famous "weekly dinner" of the *Punch* staff. It is not a dinner which is open to the vulgar or profane. One or two persons of high eminence have, it is whispered, dined at that sacred board, and one or two others have met the *Punch* staff elsewhere than in Bouverie Street. Did not Mr. Gladstone once accept an invitation from "Toby, M.P.," to meet the men who, during his whole public career, had found in him a congenial subject for their satire? But the outside world knows little or nothing of the "*Punch* men," and a few words about them may possibly help to explain how it happens that *Punch* itself has so long maintained its hold upon the affections of the British public. The weekly dinner is held of a Wednesday evening in Bouverie Street, so that whilst you are laughing over the new number of *Punch*, the men who have provided it for you are already busily engaged in the preparation of its successor. The dinner—so rumour asserts—is a good one, nor is "the foaming grape of Eastern France" absent from the board. The conversation, it is whispered, is quite as funny as anything that ever gets into print; and the genial contributors chaff each other with a freedom that they do not exercise in their dealings with politicians and other public men. Down to a recent period the dinner-table was always graced by the presence of Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Agnew, the two proprietors of the paper. But the unkind hand of Death has removed the former from the scene of weekly merriment, and for a season Mr. Agnew also has been compelled to absent himself. Over the feast the editor naturally presides. Now, one has only to be in the company of Mr. Burnand for the space of, say, half an hour, in order to arrive at the conclusion that nature destined him, even in his cradle, for the position which he now fills. In the old days when fat and genial Mark Lemon was the editor, people were wont to prove his fitness for the post by a reference to the necessity for the presence of lemon in a certain beverage beloved of Mr. Pickwick. There is no need to resort to puns of this sort in order to justify Mr. Burnand's editorship. A glance at his beaming face

and twinkling eye, which flashes upon a joke like a policeman's-lantern on a burglar, ought to suffice. Or if these leave you but half-convinced, listen to his merry laugh, and to the endless string of jests—aye, and of puns, too—which fall from his lips in conversation. He must have made his first pun before he was breeched. May it be long before he makes his last; but one can imagine him punning in *extremis*. To have written "Happy Thoughts," and thus added a new conversational phrase to the English language; to be acknowledged as the prince of parodists, who can twist his own style into the likeness of that of any other author of the day—these surely are qualifications for the office he holds not to be contested. But Mr. Burnand is not merely a humorous writer. He is a real editor, holding the reins with at least sufficient firmness and keeping his spirited team, even in their freshest moods, cleverly in hand. He it is who has stamped its character upon the *Punch* of to-day; and it is to his tact and skill that the combination of the wits of so many choice spirits, results not in a crude hotch-potch, but in a salad as wholesome as it is pleasant.

Beside him at the board sit the artists. There is John Tenniel, who can boast of having produced a greater number of political cartoons than any other man alive. Most of these cartoons, as the reader can testify, have been of high excellence; whilst once and again, Tenniel, in his weekly drawing, shows something of the inspiration of real genius, and produces a picture which takes the town by storm. George Du Maurier—alas! there is no Keene now to place beside him—gentlest of social satirists, comes next in the artistic hierarchy to Tenniel. The world, which has nothing more than a nodding acquaintance with Mr. Du Maurier, regards him as a melancholy man. But it has not heard his playful talk among his friends, and knows nothing of the fine literary taste by which he is distinguished. In him we see the Thackeray of comic art, with something of that vein of deeper sentiment which distinguished Thackeray from his contemporaries in fiction. Mr. Linley Sambourne, suggesting by his appearance rather the squire of sporting proclivities than the artist, responds cheerfully to the chaffing witticisms of his neighbours, amongst whom Mr. Harry Furniss makes himself conspicuous. There is little need to dwell upon the distinctive features of the art of either. Individuality is strong in both men. A graceful and exuberant fancy directs the pencil of Sambourne, whilst a riotous sense of fun, a delight in broad caricature of the most amusing kind, presides over that of Furniss. May one say without offence that once or twice of late the latter has allowed himself to display rather more bitterness of political resentment than is consistent with the traditional reputation of *Punch*? Of the younger men may be mentioned Mr. Reed, son of the Member for Cardiff, who has already shown qualities which promise to make him a real addition to the artistic strength of the paper.

Important as are the artists of *Punch*, they can hardly claim a greater place than belongs to the writers. We have spoken of Mr. Burnand. Next to him must be placed Mr. Lucy, whose "Toby, M.P.," has done so much not merely to uphold but to extend the fortunes of the periodical. Mr. Lucy is a perpetual source of delight to the outer world, whilst to his friends he is a perpetual source of wonder. The longer and the better they know him, the more amazing seems his command of an unforced wit, of an unequalled capacity for seeing the humorous side of things serious and even dull. And perhaps the strangest thing of all is that this capacity is allied to an almost unique knowledge of the forms of Parliament, the persons and the characters of the politicians of our day of every degree of importance. In "Toby, M.P.," one gets something more than a brilliantly witty account of Parliamentary personages and proceedings. The flashing spark of Mr. Lucy's humour not seldom lights up the innermost recesses of the mind of some man whose idiosyncrasy

has defied the researches of graver critics, and brings to view the "true truth." A jest, we know on high authority, "may find him who a sermon flies," and Mr. Lucy's jests have sometimes brought home to us morals which all the preachers and leader-writers of the day had failed to impress upon the public. So, little as at the first blush one might think it, "Toby, M.P.," has his serious as well as his lighter side, and is to be counted as a real force in English politics. Here at Mr. *Punch's* table he finds himself among congenial spirits, none more congenial than Mr. Millekin, the true poet and modest man of letters, who has contributed to *Punch* from week to week verses not unworthy of a journal among whose poets Hood and Thackeray are to be counted. Here, too, is Mr. Guthrie, the author of "Vice Versá," the "Fallen Idol," and many another admirable piece of work, fantastic perhaps, but yet inspired by something near akin to genius. His "Voces Populi" must be reckoned among the most successful social satires of modern times. Mr. Lehmann, the Admirable Crichton of our day, politician, athlete, poet, editor, humorist, who seems able to turn his hand to anything and to fail in nothing, adds to the attractions of the board as well as to those of the periodical; whilst Mr. A'Beckett worthily represents one of the honoured names of the older generation of *Punch* men. These and one or two others compose the staff of to-day. They will dine together next Wednesday, as they have dined together on many a Wednesday of the past, and amongst themselves arrange the leading features of the next number of *Punch*. The subject of the cartoon will be settled; Mr. Millekin will get the topic for his inexhaustible verse; Mr. Du Maurier will put into admirable English the social jest which he means to illustrate with an equally admirable art; Mr. — but we must pause. Let us hope that many and many a Wednesday is yet to pass before a fresh gap is made in the goodly company that surrounds the mahogany tree in Bouverie Street.

THE ALIEN IMMIGRANT.

LAST Saturday's debate in the House of Commons leads to the conclusions long ago expressed in these columns by Mr. Llewellyn Smith and others. Direct legislation to keep the "destitute alien" out of England would not be justified by the facts as yet ascertained, and would be hampered at the outset by almost insurmountable difficulties of definition. Meanwhile, the Ministry is doing all that can be done. It has taken steps to exclude such immigrants as are most likely to import the germs of pestilence. It has sent a special commissioner across the Atlantic to profit by American experience. Sir Charles Dilke maintained on Saturday that neither legislation nor inquiry is yet called for. At any rate, if the Ministry has erred, it has erred on the safe side.

The debate, however, suggests wider questions than that of the Russian Jews in London and Leeds. All over the world the immigration question—which the ordinary text-books of economics do not so much as contemplate—is assuming the utmost practical importance. France alone among civilised nations stands still in population, and her society is beginning to be borne down by a sprinkling of cosmopolitan Jewish financiers about its summit and a wave of Belgians and Germans round parts of its base. New York in certain quarters has added new features to that barbaric picturesqueness which so much impresses those who have eyes to see it. It is French, Italian, Bohemian, Hebraic, where twenty years ago it was only German or Irish. In Boston, according to the census of 1880, 67 per cent. of the population were of foreign parentage. Chicago, New Orleans, and San Francisco are full of foreign elements of the least desirable kind—elements, too, represented, in proportion to their numbers, among the paupers, criminals, and criminal lunatics from three to

five times as strongly as the native population. Russia is at once expelling her own five millions of Jews and blocking the way to the influx of German agriculturists into her western provinces. These immigrants prosper beyond measure, but interfere with her cherished institution of the Mir, and might very possibly in time of war fraternise with an invading German army. What with restrictions both on the emigration of natives—as in Prussia or Austria—and on the immigration of foreigners—as in the United States—Mr. Pearson's gloomy predictions, which we recently dealt with, would seem in a fair way to be verified.

Of course there are many kinds and classes of immigrants to which objection can hardly be taken. Mr. Labouchere himself could hardly object to the reception England gave to the Huguenots. A different policy would have effectually prevented his existence and that of *Truth*. Among the governing and intellectual classes of Europe, even putting aside the Jewish element, the prominence of persons of foreign extraction is really striking. To take a few instances at random. The present Premier of Hungary is the son of a Wurtemberger. The present Premier of Austria is ultimately of Irish extraction. A French President and a Spanish Premier have had a similar origin; so have some of the best-known of the liberators of Chili. The late President of Argentina, through his mother, was a cousin of John Bright. Lord Reay is a Dutchman, reclaimed for the land of his ancestors by succession to a peerage. Mr. Mundella is of Italian parentage. Professor Mommsen is half an Italian, and Kant's family were originally Scotch.

Nobody, of course, would wish to have kept out the aliens who were factors in the production of these eminent personages. It is a different matter when one looks at the masses, with a low standard of comfort and intelligence, who crowd into the already overcrowded cities and drive the lowest class of native worker on the rates. Owing to the peculiar subdivision of modern industry, this class gets a chance of displacing even skilled labour. So with the Jews in London and Leeds. So with a higher type of immigrant—the French Canadians in the mills of New England, and the Bohemian coal miners in Pennsylvania.

Now, the American argument against this class, like the English argument against the Russian Jew, is distinctly a strong one if only the facts on which it is based are sufficiently ascertained. An American economist, Professor Richmond M. Smith, to whom we are indebted for some of the details given above, has argued for restriction as follows:—Immigration at present is not exactly voluntary. It is stimulated by benevolent societies in Europe and by pushing steamship agents. Purely voluntary emigration gives a country the best kind of immigrant. Assisted and stimulated immigration gives it a kind that is only one degree from the worst. These immigrants lower the standard of wage and comfort, and render the efforts of trade unions nugatory; and the first duty of a country is to its own citizens.

The political dangers are perhaps even greater than the economic. The city states of ancient Greece were in constant danger of being overborne by resident aliens. Now, the Greek philosophers saw what modern philosophers have tended to overlook, that political institutions are correlated to character. We may say, in their phrase, but altering the meaning of their terms, that the democratic constitution cannot be worked except by the democratic man. For this reason they insisted on the formation of an *ethos*, a civic character suited to the civic institutions. Modern national character is much less definable than this *ethos*, but the truth still holds. Free movement is good as a rule, but not invariably so.

Fortunately, however, the modern European immigrant, even if he be the most degraded of Russian Jews, cannot permanently resist the civilising influences of his new home. Americans with foreign-born parents are good Americans enough. It

is true there are indications of sectional nationalism here and there in the United States. There has recently been an attempt—fortunately it has come to nothing—to obtain a separate ecclesiastical organisation for the German Catholic population. Large sections of the North-West are predominantly Scandinavian; large sections of Texas are German, and so formerly were parts of Pennsylvania and Ohio.

Nor is there evidence that these populations intermarry much. But still, in the past the descendants of foreigners have been absorbed in the great American nation. The Dutch of New York, the French of the upper Mohawk Valley, the Pennsylvania Germans, survive only in surnames. The Huguenot stocks of the Cape of Good Hope are Dutch Boers now. "Race" is not really a matter of blood so much as of association and imitation, and no European immigrants, at any rate, are likely to resist these influences for more than a generation. Great and sudden influxes may very reasonably be checked, if only it can be decided exactly how to define the people one wants to keep out, and how to keep them from filtering in through unexpected channels—over the Canadian frontier, for instance, as Senator Hansbrough suggests in this month's *North American Review*. But any permanent or general closure of frontiers, such as Mr. Pearson has recently predicted, would check the introduction of those stimulating elements of variety on which the progress of society largely depends.

FASHION'S LITTLE BILL.

TWO excellent women have been deploring the caprice and extravagance of their sex in dress. Lady Jeune's picture of luxury in the well-to-do classes is not overdrawn, and Miss Ada Bigg does not exaggerate the mischief which this wayward love of finery entails on the labour market. The evil is plain, but the remedy to which Miss Bigg looks forward—the ultimate adoption by women of a national or even an international garb—is rather trying to the gravity. We may reach a stage of civilisation in which the State, amongst its multifarious duties, will undertake the task of fixing the feminine uniform; but as this department of Socialism must be managed by a bureaucracy of ladies, does Miss Bigg imagine that they will be content with one stereotyped pattern, expressing the immutable taste of all women in the country, or in all countries? Can feminine dress ever fall into the march of evolution, and the poet proclaim that through fashion one unchanging purpose runs, and the skirts of girls are widened by the process of the suns? Mr. Charles Pearson cheerfully anticipates the time when originality shall disappear, and when the genius of the individual man shall be effaced by the commonplaces of aggregate humanity. It may be that from such a system the world will owe its salvation to the caprice of women, and that the very inequality of the sexes, now denounced by some social reformers, will prove the saving grace of mankind. No doubt it is the irony of this destiny which makes woman in our day such a costly ornament. She is at once the most spiritual element in creation and the most material. She attunes us to the finer harmonies of life, and she makes us pay the piper. When luxury becomes dominant in society, she revels in every fantasy of extravagance. Lady Jeune recalls the simple taste of our grandmothers—their content with few dresses and plain materials, and with an old costume turned by the deft fingers of the lady's-maid. Nowadays the grandmotherly ideal of woman's sphere is despised. She is to play an equal part with man in all the relations of life, and to redeem that barbarism which distinguishes the merely male administration of public affairs. But with this yearning for the responsibilities of citizenship there is a marked growth of woman's decorative instinct. Lady Jeune laments that the

feminine passion for dress is developing in White-chapel as well as in Belgravia. The fine bird must have fine feathers, whether she warbles Tosti in the boudoir or the last *chanson* of Bessie Bellwood in the alley. It will no longer do to tell us that woman tricks herself out because man's plaything must find favour in his eyes. It is the common opinion of experts that women dress—not to please men, but to outshine one another. And the triumph of the ball or the dinner-party is not the conquest of the mere man, but the consciousness that some feminine rival in an inferior gown has gone home in a frenzy of eclipse.

What say the dressmakers? One of them explained the situation with agreeable candour to a representative of the *Westminster Gazette*. "Dress is becoming more extravagant every year. Women dress to outshine one another. Costly details are thrown away on a man. He cannot appraise the value of a gown; he only likes what pleases him." This has a pleasant flavour of art-criticism. Just as the uneducated picture-seer judges a canvas in pure ignorance of technique, so the average husband appreciates the miracle of art arrayed in which his wife goes forth to strike envy into the souls of her feminine acquaintance. But the miracle is so costly that the average husband is growing mean. "Extravagant ladies with large incomes of their own, who have no need to ask their husbands for money—some of them are very mean—will spend a thousand or a couple of thousand on clothes." The husband who studies the details of two dressmaking bills in the *Westminster Gazette* may be excused for regarding meanness as an economic virtue. One yearly account shows a total of nearly fifteen hundred pounds. The fair debtor indulged in a new evening dress every three months, a new tea-gown every four months, and a new dinner dress in the same period. She had thirty-two dresses in the twelvemonth, not counting an opera mantle, a seal cloak, or a variety of delicacies which it might be obtrusive to detail. Another customer of the tradeswoman who despises the meanness of husbands, contrived to run up a bill of six hundred and eighty pounds in four months for twenty dresses. This ornament of society belongs to a class whose habits are described by the *modiste* with engaging frankness. "Consider how many gowns a smart woman wears a day. She sips her early cup of tea in a *négligée*—some *chic* French affair in cashmere and lace usually—then comes the tailor-made morning gown. After lunch an elaborate calling gown, at five o'clock the tea-gown, and finally a dinner or ball toilette. If you count a riding-habit, that would make six changes. Thus, you see, a fashionable lady does little else but dress and undress all day." Do these particulars excite indignation in the majority of feminine bosoms? Does the domestic critic say to herself, "What shameful waste!" or does her fancy linger with covetous wing over that pile of finery heaped up on a four months' bill? Is there any widespread and deep-rooted conviction that the higher education of women will eventually root out this love of display, and make them as indifferent to dress as the ordinary man whose monotonous costume excites the admiration of Miss Bigg? This crusade may appeal to the most elevated sentiments; but such is the subjugation of man to the ornamental charm of womanhood, that although he may be staggered by dressmakers' bills, he is not likely to exercise any organised pressure in the direction of austere simplicity. He is impressed by the earnestness of Lady Jeune, and he smiles at the fervour of Miss Bigg; but to a scepticism about the capacity of society to make any sumptuary laws for women, he adds a sneaking gratification in the excesses of feminine adornment. As long as he does not pay the bill, why should he grudge the bird her plumage? All luxury is vicious, but a beautiful woman exquisitely dressed is sovereign over the masculine economist. The phrase-maker who said that beauty unadorned is adorned the

most was egregiously ignorant of human nature. Women might convert men to the belief that some simple dress was the most captivating, just as they might decree that diamonds are too barbaric, and that the practice of piercing the ears is worthy only of South Sea Islanders. But, failing some organic change in their ideas of decoration, they will continue to distress Miss Bigg and to draw jeremiads from Lady Jeune, without convincing man that the charm of the picture is not enhanced by the richness of the frame.

GOOD BISHOP VALENTINE.

THE reader will remember how Lamb imagines him as a rubicund priest of Hymen, and pictures him "attended with thousands and ten thousands of little loves, and the air is

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings.

Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crozier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee." Alas, who indeed would have expected the bitter historical truth, and have dreamed that poor Valentine, instead of being that rosy vision, was one of the Church's most unhappy martyrs? Tradition has but two pieces of information about him—that during the reign of Claudius II., probably in the year 270, he was "first beaten with heavy clubs, and then beheaded," and likewise that he was a man of exceptional chastity of character—a fact that may be considered no less paradoxical in regard to his genial reputation. He was certainly the last man to have been the patron saint of young blood, and if he has any cognisance of the frivolities done in his name, the knowledge must be more painful to him than all the clubs of Claudius. Unhappy saint! To have his good name murdered also! To be through all time the high-priest of that very "paganism" which he died to repudiate; the one most potent survival throughout Christian times of the joyous old order he would fain supplant! Could anything be more characteristic of the whimsical humour of Time, which loves nothing better than to make a laughing-stock of human symbolism? The savage putting a stray dress-coat to solemn sacerdotal usage, or taking some blackguard of a Mulvaney for a very god, is not more absurd than mankind thus ignorantly bringing to this poor martyr throughout the years the very last offering he can have desired. Surely it must have filled his shade with a strange bewilderment to have watched us year by year bringing him garlands and the sweet incense of young love, to have seen this gay company approach his shrine with laughter and roses, a very bacchanal, where he had looked for sympathetic sackcloth and ashes—surely it must have all seemed a silly, sacrilegious jest. However, he is long since slandered beyond all hope of restitution. So long as the spring moves in the blood, lovers will doubtless continue to take his name in vain, and feign his saintly sanction for their charming indiscretions. Indeed, he is fabled by the poets to be responsible for the billing and cooing of the whole creation. Everybody knows that the birds, too, pair on St. Valentine's Day—we have many a poet's word for it. Donne's charming lines, for instance:

"All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marriest every year
The lyrique lark, and the grave whispering dove,
The sparrow, that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halycon."

In fact, it would appear that St. Valentine was, literally, a hedge-priest!

But do lovers still, one wonders, observe his ancient (though mistaken) Rites? Do they still

have a care whose pretty face they should first set eyes on on Valentine's morning, like Mistress Pepys, who kept her eyes closed the whole forenoon lest they should portend a *mésalliance* with one of those tiresome "paynters" at work on the gilding of the pictures and the chimney-piece? Or do they with throbbing hearts "draw" for the fateful name, or weighting little inscribed slips of paper with lead or breadcrumbs, and dropping them into a basin of water, breathlessly await the name that shall first float up to the surface? Do they still perform that terrible feat of indigestion, which consisted of eating a hard-boiled egg, shell and all, to inspire the presaging dream, and pin five bay-leaves upon their pillows to make it the surer?

We are told they do, these happy, superstitious lovers, though probably the practices obtain now mostly among a class of fair maids who have none of Mrs. Pepys' fears of "paynters," and who even are not averse to a bright young plumber. Indeed, it is to be feared that the one sturdy survival of St. Valentine is to be sought in the "ugly valentine." This is another of Time's jests—to degrade the beautiful and distinguished, and mock at old-time sanctities with coarse burlesque. We see it constantly in the fortunes of old streets and squares, once graced with the gallant and the sedan-chair, the very cynosure of the polite and elegant world, but now vocal with the clamorous wrongs of the charwoman and the melancholy appeal of the coster. We see it, too, in the ups and downs of words once aristocratic or tender, words once the very signet of polite conversation, now tossed about amid the very offal of language. We see it when some noble house, an illustrious symbol of heroic honour, the ark of high traditions, finds its *reductio ad absurdum* in some hare-brained turf-lord, who defiles its memories as he sells its pictures. But no lapse could be more pitiful than the end of St. Valentine. Once the day on which great gentlemen and great ladies exchanged stately and, as Pepys frequently complained, costly compliments; when the ingenuity of love tortured itself for the sweetest conceit wherein to express the very sweetest thing, the May-day of the heart; when the very birds were Cupid's messengers, and all the world wore ribbons and made pretty speeches. What is it now? The festival of the servants' hall. It is the sacred day set apart for the cook to tell the housemaid in vividly illustrated verse that she need have no fear of the policeman thinking twice of *her*; of the housemaid to make ungenerous reflections on "cookey's" weight and complexion, and to assure that "queen of the larder" that it is not *her*, but her puddings, that take the constabulary heart. It is the day when inoffensive little tailors receive anonymous letters beginning "You silly snip"; when the baker is unpleasantly reminded of his immemorial *sobriquet* of "Daddy Dough," and coarse insult breaks the bricklayer's manly heart. Perhaps of all its symbols the most typical and popular are—a nursemaid, a perambulator enclosing twins, and a gigantic dragoon. In fact, we are faced by this curious development—that the day once sacred to universal compliment is now mainly dedicated to low and foolish insult. Oh, that whirligig!

Do true lovers still remember the day to keep it holy, one wonders? Does Ophelia still sing beneath the window, and do the love-birds still carry on their celestial postage? One fears that all have gone with the sedan-chair, the stage-coach, and last year's snow. Will the true lovers go next? But, indeed, a florist told us that he had sold many flowers for "valentines" this year, and that that prettier practice of sending flowers was, he thought, supplanting the tawdry and stereotyped offering of cards. Which reminds one of an old verse:

"The violet made haste to appear,
To be her bosom guest,
With first primrose that grew this year
I purchas'd from her breast;
To me,
Gave she,

Her golden lock for mine;
My ring of jet,
For her bracelet,
I gave my *Valentine*."

MISS ROBINS AND THE MASTER BUILDER.

A CONVERSATION REPORTED.

"HILDA WANGEL, the heroine of *The Master Builder*, that Mr. Herbert Waring and I are to bring out next Monday afternoon at the Trafalgar Square Theatre, is a creation so absolutely new" said Miss Robins, "that I, who was so ready to welcome her, to receive her with open arms when I first made her acquaintance, was simply staggered by her personality." It was curious to note how Miss Robins throughout spoke of Hilda Wangel as a woman whom she knew in the flesh, rather than as an imaginary being born of a poet's brain.

"I do not, as a rule, like," she continued, hesitating, "to speak much of the manner in which I conceive a part I am about to act. I feel so keenly that my duty as an actress is to interpret my ideal according to the methods of my art; and yet I should like to say something of this wild creature, who has been my companion for months, who is full of moods, fantastic, unmoral as a Dryad, and who is yet so much a being of to-day; a woman of the latter half of the nineteenth century."

Has this latest play of Ibsen's been acted on the Continent?

"Yes, in Christiania; and it is going to be brought out in Paris. I read it in the original last summer. It has been translated for me, and sent to me slip by slip."

Does it deal with any social, psychological, or physiological problem?

"Yes; firstly, with the marriage question, and then with that strange new force—that hypnotic personal influence, which is gradually being recognised as a scientific fact, and which, for the first time, Ibsen has definitely taken as a *motif* for his art. The great architect, or Master Builder, Halvard Solness, possesses that power. Kaia Fosti, a young girl in his office engaged to be married to his clerk, a man of genius, Ragnar Brovik, is under its influence, and her interest in the rest of the world is wiped out. Ragnar himself no longer interests her. Solness is somewhere about fifty years of age. He began by being religious and building churches; but when God took his two children from him, he grew bitter against Providence, gave up building churches and took to building beautiful homes for human beings. When the play begins he has just completed a home for himself. His wife is a jaded, plaintive, low-voiced woman, full of goodness. He has never admitted to himself that he has ceased to love her; but to be married to her is like being companioned with the dead. The fact also of these two being childless, and its influence over their relationship, is worked into the fibre of the play. The Master Builder is chilled to the heart with the depression of his wife's companionship. He feels also that his day is setting; that, as he supplanted the great architect before him, so, now, Nemesis will have it, he is to be supplanted probably by Ragnar, his clerk. He is confiding the sadness in his life to his doctor. It is evening; the lamps are lit; the day's work is done. He tells that he hates the young generation arising, with its claims, knocking—As he says this a loud knock is heard, the door is thrown open, and there whirls into the study Hilda, clad in a mountaineering costume. This wild creature, a being that seems born of the wind, an incarnate breath of nature, audacious, vital, has tramped over the mountains, by the side of the fiords, to come to him.

"It may seem absurd," says Miss Robins with a

laugh, "but I have had hob-nailed shoes made—I feel Hilda would have been shod thus for her strange journey. I know her so well. The thought of her brings with it the scent of the heather; it affects me like a glimpse of the fiords. Solness does not recognise her, but she forces him to remember. Ten years ago, they met. She was a school-girl. He promised to come and fetch her in ten years; he called her his princess; he promised her a kingdom; he promised to build her a castle. She reminds him that she was one of those who saw him climb to the top of the steeple he had built and, as is the custom for the architect to do, place a wreath upon its summit. He kissed her. This Solness denies. He wished to kiss her; and the wish by this hypnotic power he possesses affected her as if in truth he had kissed her. As he placed the wreath on the steeple he vowed never to build another church to the God who had deprived him of his children. Below Hilda waved her banner and cried 'Hurrah!' she alone heard his voice, and it had affected her like the ringing of bells. And the spell he cast over her in her early girlhood remained with her, and at the appointed time she has come into his life. The meeting between this exuberantly vital being and the worn wife soon occurs. 'When I look at you I seem to be looking towards the sunrise,' says the Master Builder, who feels the chill as of coming night at the approach of the wife, who is worth worlds-full of women like this fantastic, conscience-lacking Hilda." I must not dwell any further on this interpretation of a woman as full of contradictions as is human nature, except to point out two subtle touches in Ibsen's delineation: Hilda's impressionability of nature takes, in a measure, the place of conscience—it makes her shrink from inflicting pain upon one she knows, and she hesitates to injure the woman who makes her the *confidante* of a sordid tragedy in life. In another scene, Hilda is the means of forcing Solness to act generously when he was about to act meanly; and the feeling that urges her to do this is but another form of that egoism which impels her to make extraordinary claims upon life. She cannot bear that the man under whose sway she has been so long, should show weakness. Suffice it to say that one day last summer some friends met Ibsen in high spirits. To their questions concerning the reason of his unusual excitement he would answer only, "To-day I have finished my second act; and I have made Hilda do the contrary of what Hedda did; for Hedda Gabbler destroyed the lifework of a man of genius, while Hilda helps to save a life's work." One other characteristic touch in Hilda—her catch-word, "frightfully thrilling"; it comes in these moments of emotion in which she delights, whether sinister or delightful.

The crisis satisfies Miss Robins's artistic sense. "The play came to me bit by bit; when the last sheet, the last scene came, I felt I must play it or I should die." No more need be said after this, and yet it was pleasant to hear, even if it sounded as an anti-climax, that in each case but one, the parts are to be filled by the actors Miss Robins and her co-manager had wished should fill them from the first.

A. C.

DISTURBANCES IN ASIA MINOR.

CONSTANTINOPLE, February 8th, 1893.

THE Egyptian Question has caused no little excitement in Constantinople, and there is reason to believe that the action of the Khedive was prompted by suggestions from this city.

The excitement in Bulgaria over the proposed modification of the Constitution is considerable, although the public expression of opposition is strongly repressed by the Government, and the aid of the Turks has been secured to prevent the Exarch

from discussing the question in his newspaper, which is published here.

But the public interest has within a few days been turned from these questions to speculation upon events in Asia Minor. It is not easy to learn exactly what has happened there, as the Turkish Government has done its best to suppress all news from that quarter; but there seems to be no doubt that a singular demonstration was made there about three weeks ago, which has caused intense excitement and alarm both there and here, and has had some unhappy results. One morning a proclamation was found posted on all the mosques, churches, and public buildings—in all the towns and villages of Central Asia Minor—denouncing the Sultan as a tyrant and usurper, and calling upon the people of all nationalities to make ready for a revolution which was impending, and would be supported by England. I have not seen a copy of this proclamation, but this was the substance of it. It was written in Osmanli Turkish, and posted in purely Turkish villages as well as in the towns—and the work was all done in one night. This would imply that there must have been a large number of persons concerned in the plot, and that it could not have been the work of the Armenians alone. They must have had Turkish coadjutors to reach the Turkish villages. It is also a new thing in Turkey to find any number of persons engaged in a conspiracy without any traitors among them to reveal the matter to the Government.

It is not easy to see what the authors of this demonstration expected to gain by it; but the actual results, so far as we know them, have been riotous outbreaks on the part of Turks in sympathy with the Government, and a very large number of arrests. At Marsivan, near Amasia, the governor of the town charged the American missionaries residing there with being the authors of the proclamation, and under this inspiration a mob attacked the mission schools and burned them. It is believed that the missionaries escaped with their lives. Nothing could be more absurd or farther from the truth than this charge against the American missionaries, which was based simply on the fact that these proclamations were written by a patent process which the missionaries were known to use in their schools. In fact, the missionaries have used all their influence to dissuade the Armenians from revolutionary movements. They sympathise, of course, with their desire to secure the privileges promised in the Treaty of Berlin, but they see—as do all sensible men—that any attempt to obtain these by arms must result in useless bloodshed and suffering of every kind, for the Armenians in Asia Minor are everywhere in a hopeless minority.

If, as seems probable, there were Turks as well as Armenians concerned in this demonstration, it is a much more serious matter for the Sultan than any pure Armenian outbreak; but we must wait for further information before we can form any judgment on this view of the matter.

That there is deep and widespread dissatisfaction among the Turks is generally believed; but although at the time of the deposition of Abd-ul-Aziz there was a movement to enlist the Christians in the conspiracy, there has been nothing of late to indicate any inclination on the part of disaffected Turks to sympathise with the Armenians. That the trouble in Asia Minor is very serious is plain, but its full significance cannot be determined now. We must wait for further developments.

February 9th.

Later advices from Asia Minor seem to confirm the reports that the demonstration there was quite as much Turkish as Armenian, and it is said, on good authority, that it was carried out in part by the *Softas* who were expelled from Constantinople by order of the Sultan in the autumn. It was believed at the time, although expressly denied by the Turkish papers, that they had been engaged in a conspiracy here, and it is certain that some 3,000 of

them were summarily dismissed from the *Mednesses* and sent to their homes. In addition to the riots mentioned above, we have news of serious fighting in at least one town. As the people have been arming themselves for many months past, still more serious difficulties may follow. It is not known here whether the Government has made any effort to arrest the Turks engaged in this affair, but a very large number of Armenians have been imprisoned.

The English and German Embassies have made common cause in urging the Turkish Government to take all necessary action to secure the peace of the country and put a stop to this movement; and the American and German Consuls have gone to Marsivan to investigate the riots there.

The Armenians will probably be the chief sufferers, and the Sultan has little to fear from a movement in Asia Minor unless it is supported by a strong party at Constantinople, or made a pretext for interference by Russia.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE FOE WITHIN THE GATE."

SIR,—You deserve the hearty congratulations of your party for your vigorous protest against the electoral tactics of the Labour section. It is about time the tail was peremptorily told to cease its attempts to wag the dog. Do the Labour politicians hope to further their cause by playing into the hands of the Tories? It suits the Tories just now to tell the Labour party that Codlin is their friend, not Short; but never will Tory squires and capitalists pin their faith to the gospel according to Keir Hardie.

I am not sure that the Liberal party is altogether free from blame for the clashing of opinion and the collision of ideals within the ranks. In his day J. S. Mill complained that the Liberals were losing confidence in their creed. Since then the evil has increased till now, instead of a creed, we have a thing of shreds and patches. Mr. John Morley made a similar complaint in a review article not many years ago. He pointed out that in the old days the Liberal creed was an organic unity, and had its roots in a comprehensive theory of human nature and of social development. If we had followed the traditions of the Mills, the Benthamites, the Grotes—if we had been careful to see that our political creed was a logical off-shoot from our general theory of development, the present difficulties would not have arisen, or, if they had, they would have been brought to the feet of a large and luminous generation, instead of being left in the region of chaos.

Your article leads to the hope that THE SPEAKER will do much to supply Liberalism with a philosophic backbone. What the party needs is guidance—and where can they look for coherent principles and pregnant generalisations but to THE SPEAKER, which is discharging an important function on the rallying point for the man of ideas and the man of action?—I am, etc.,

Barlino, Midlothian.

H. C. MACPHERSON.

SIR,—I think if you were to open the columns of THE SPEAKER for a discussion on the diminished hold that Liberal principles have upon the working classes in the North, you would be doing a great service to our party. It is no use blinking the fact—the Liberal party does not receive the support which it is entitled to from the working classes. I perhaps ought to except the miners. Why is this? I think you answer it very well in your article on "Foes Within the Gates." "It seems to lie," you say, "in the fact that a new gospel—a gospel of pure and unadulterated selfishness—is being vigorously preached in those constituencies, and is obtaining a certain amount of popularity among the less wise of the electors." I fully endorse these views. With twenty-five years' experience in connection with party organisation, and having been chairman of the Liberal Association in an important Lancashire constituency at the last three elections, I trust I may claim some right to speak on this momentous subject. The spirit of selfishness is rampant in the electorate. Politics are becoming degraded, being made a question of five per cent. advance or reduction in wages, and the idea of suffering for a good cause is for ever banished. The gospel of comfort is the leading idea of the new movement. "Don't do anything yourself if someone else will do it for you" is the keynote of large numbers of the voters. If any of your readers doubt my words, let him try and collect funds for registration expenses in connection with his association. I know of no heavier or more discouraging work.

Now, what has brought this feeling about? I hold that

it is largely fostered by the Sunday press in the North of England, and with the advent of this class of literature has commenced that lowering of tone among the electors which you do well to refer to. This will have to be met by newspapers of a more wholesome kind and of a higher stamp of literary attainments. A popular Liberal Sunday newspaper is the great want of Lancashire and the surrounding districts. Instead of being told in the Sunday press that the working classes have nothing to expect from "that bauble shop at Westminster," the grandeur of representative institutions, and the struggles that have taken place to secure our liberties, must be proclaimed. I have been a constant reader of the Sunday literature in the North, and have often been pained by the way every good movement for social reform has been sneered at. The tone of the articles has been on a par with the wit of the tap-room. I noticed your article on the *Weekly Sun*. I wish we had "T. P." in the North with a Sunday newspaper, for, as you say, "who in politics or society would now be without his racy paper of a Sunday morning?" The Sunday papers in Lancashire and Yorkshire, with their enormous circulation, are doing an immense amount of damage to many good causes by the doctrines of selfishness which they inculcate. Will you lend your influence to awaken North Country Liberals to the dangers which are at their doors, and to the necessity of adopting prompt measures for meeting them?

—Yours, etc.,
A LANCASHIRE RADICAL.

Leigh, February 13th, 1893.

A FIDDLER'S VALENTINE.

PRETTY player, from thy strings
Little whispers take them wings,
Take them wings and hie to me:
In my hollow heart they dwell
Clapping it as 'twere a bell
Ding-a-ding inside o' me.
Hand to play and heart to ring—
Together might they make a spring
On earth beyond imagining!
But nay, and nay;
For now my love's denied to me;
Therefore, dear, lay down thy fiddle.
Clip me once around the middle,
Kiss and say good-bye to me.

Q.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

SOME BELIEFS ABOUT STYLE.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE in his egregious Memoir of Thackeray took the trouble to offer some remarks on literary "style." Obviously enough they were offered in a spirit of concession. Trollope himself, as he very plainly hints, cared something less than a snap of the fingers for Style: but since Thackeray possessed a style, and was admired for it, some observations on Thackeray's style would be looked for in the Memoir. Therefore the biographer, whose whole life had been spent in "catering for" the public, accinged himself cheerfully to meet the demand, and produced his famous comparison between Style and a suit of clothes.

A perfect style resembles the suit of a well-dressed man—it fits well and nobody remarks it. Give, if you please, your particular attention to this aphorism. It falls so engagingly upon the ear: it appears at once so acute and so respectable: and it is so infinitely stupid. I have spent an hour casting plummets into the stupidity of it, and can find no bottom at all. As a justification of Trollope's own style (if Trollope's own style were under discussion) it would, if it were only true, be triumphant. But no proposition can be true that has not a meaning: and if you try to embrace the meaning of this one, it vanishes, like the ghost of Odysseus' mother, into thin air.

"A man is best attired when his attire excites no attention." The average male has said this so often that, even if he did not believe it to begin with, it has now become his firm conviction. Women listen to him, a thought wearily, but politely. They know

better, of course. They have given much of their best intelligence to the art of dressing: they *know* about it, and would as soon think of flying as of dressing to excite no attention: but like most people who know, they are dumb before the confident amateur. To correct him would take time and a tedious threshing out of first principles, all strange and terrifying to the amateur, but to them as familiar as the A B C. It is sufficient here to note that the aphorism counsels a man to adapt his dressing to conditions of which he can have no knowledge. He is to excite no attention: this is to say his success or failure will depend entirely upon the kind of person he happens to meet when he fares abroad. The costume which casts but a blurred image upon the retina of a fool will come perilously near to win a discriminating notice from the alert observer. I speak here of men only: for of men alone can it be said that some are observant of dress and others are not. The dress which will escape a woman's criticism has yet to be invented. So it would appear that the man who arrays himself with the express purpose of exciting no attention is predestinated to fail before one-half of his fellow-creatures, and can only succeed before the other half under a combination of circumstances nothing short of miraculous.

From the simile we will turn to the application. That style of writing is perfect which excites no attention in the reader. Very well. Then if your reader is a dolt, all styles of writing are perfect: and if your reader has a trained intelligence, all are faulty. And as readers are, in fact, of all kinds, the same sentence cannot help possessing all possible degrees of merit. And this is the mess into which an author may be expected to land himself, who, after a lifetime spent in giving the public just what it wants, sits down in an evil hour to construct a theory.

Let us ascend from these depths to consider a theory that is pretty widely held, and by good critics—that the best writer is he who says precisely what he wishes to say with the least apparent effort. There is something very taking in this view, and we feel inclined to sit down and draw up a hierarchy at once, to tabulate the styles of British authors in order of merit. But no sooner have we begun our list than we make distressing discoveries, one of which is that in the matter of style Sir Thomas Browne will come some way below the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York." Clearly then we must qualify our theory by the admission that a good deal depends on what an author has to impart: and that his style is not necessarily perfect because, desiring to say no more than "Boh!" to a goose, he is able to say "Boh!" precisely and without effort.

Moreover, the ability to say precisely what you mean may be the blessed consequence of possessing a very limited vocabulary. We have all marvelled at the unhesitating and unerring sentences winged from the lips of the usual auctioneer. He may not—we will hope he does not—always mean what he says: but he always says what he means to say. Speculating upon his effective glibness, I have convinced myself that its roots lie in sheer poverty of speech. His epithets are constant. He reduces scenery to its simplest terms. "Bosky" has never suggested itself to him when he desired to say "beautifully timbered," nor has he ever been driven to choose between "commanding an extensive view" or "having a wide prospect." As a writer, he aims straight because he has no room in which to miss. And, other things being equal, I prefer my author to have a large vocabulary.

To use the inevitable word without effort—that is a high ambition. But how, after all, shall we critics decide that this or that word is inevitable? It seems, in one way, a pity that the Word-Guessing competitions were not allowed to go on. In time they would infallibly have produced a man with a

"system"; and from him, perhaps, we might have learnt to distinguish inevitability from mere caprice. I will choose a quotation at random—two lines from Perdita's speech in Act iv. of *The Winter's Tale* :—

" — daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

We assert that it could not have been better said. But if Shakespeare had written—

" — and charm
The winds of March with beauty,"

has there ever been a critic on earth able to spy out the imperfection? To us now, the word "take" seems perfect in its place: we can see easily enough its superiority to "charm": but I make bold to weaken the lines still further—much further—and say that even had they stood—

" — daffodils,
That come before the swallow comes, and charm
The winds of March with beauty,"

we should have accepted them as the best that could be written. In other words, by "perfection of style" we mean absolutely nothing, for we speak of a never-fixed mark, whose worth is quite unknown, and whose height has neither been taken nor by any possibility can be taken.

Probably mortal man can attain no nearer to perfection of speech than to say a certain thing in such a way that no successor will even dare to say it in different words. But even so our only criterion is the good taste of the very worst and most shameless plagiarist—a being who, *ex hypothesi*, has no knowledge at all of perfection. And, on the whole, a man who delights in both Sir Thomas Browne and William Wordsworth will do well to have no theories at all about style.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

AN ANGLO-INDIAN STATESMAN ON ANGLO-INDIAN HISTORY.

THE RISE OF THE BRITISH DOMINION IN INDIA. By Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B. ("University Extension Manuals.") London: John Murray.

SIR ALFRED LYALL is indisputably the most distinguished member of the covenanted Civil Service of India at present amongst us. Others may have had a longer administrative career, others may have written a greater quantity of books, others may have attempted to crown an Indian career by taking part in English politics, but no one has succeeded as he has done in impressing his mark upon his generation. As statesman, poet, and philosopher, he is generally admitted to be one of the ornaments of the Queen's Civil Service in India, and holds his place well with the many-sided civil servants of the great days of the East India Company. In some respects he is a modern counterpart of Mountstuart Elphinstone, the accomplished civil servant and historian whose life has recently been adequately treated by Mr. J. S. Cotton, and there is no man in the long roll of able men who have served in India since Elphinstone more worthy to be compared with him than Sir Alfred Lyall. His "*Asiatic Studies*" have become classic, and form the basis and starting-point for modern investigations into Indian problems; the essay on Clanship marks in even a wider sense a fresh development of an important department of human knowledge. His poems contain thoughts and passages which have sunk deep into the hearts of all Anglo-Indians, and betoken a thorough grasp of the problems and difficulties which beset them. His career as an administrator has profoundly affected the attitude of the Government of India in one of its most important departments, and has left its

traces in the province over which he held sway at the close of his Indian service. What Sir Alfred Lyall, experienced administrator, brilliant poet, and philosophical essayist, has to say on the history of British rule in India deserves, therefore, serious attention, and is certain to receive it.

As an historical work, the little volume is a disappointment. Possibly Sir Alfred Lyall has not the temperament of the historian of to-day; certainly he has made no effort to absorb and digest the vast amount of accumulated material, in print and in manuscript, which is waiting for an historian to sift and unravel a philosophical and connected story from it. But we must be thankful for what we have got. Sir Alfred Lyall has made no attempt to trench on the domain of Sir William Hunter. He has preferred to write a luminous and brilliant essay rather than an historical sketch. Possibly he may have felt that University Extension students—and his volume is one of a series of "University Extension Manuals" edited by Professor Knight—do not want to be troubled with names and dates. If that is his idea, we believe him to be wrong, and hold that the new edition of Sir W. W. Hunter's "*Brief History of the Indian Peoples*" makes a better text-book for Extension classes than Sir Alfred Lyall's essay. The latter is essentially a work which ought to be popular with the general reader. It is full of brilliant generalisations and masterly descriptions; it makes no demands on the memory of the reader; it is always interesting and never educational. It contains much that should arouse attention and nothing to weary. It is full of hints and theories which suggest a wider knowledge behind and demand a more thorough investigation than there is time to give in a brief review. To take one instance, Sir Alfred Lyall insists on the view that the British dominion in India was not the result of a succession of lucky chances, and overthrows Professor Seeley's contention to that effect in his "*Expansion of England*." He argues that the men who built up the power of the Company knew very well what they were about, and understood that the result of their actions would be the possession of an Indian Empire. He shows that India was ready for a foreign domination, and that what the English accomplished had been done with even smaller forces by Baber, another foreign invader. He has evidently been reading with care Mahan's work on the "*Influence of Sea Power in History*," and lays weight on England's preponderance in India being due to her preponderance at sea. Points like these, and his analysis of the causes of England's triumph in the struggle with the French in Southern India, are not new, but they are brilliantly expounded, and will come as new to most general readers. Sir Alfred Lyall's book is essentially literature, and may be commended to those who have no time to be students, but who are intelligently interested in the history of their country's greatness.

May it be allowed, however, to express a doubt whether Sir Alfred Lyall would not have done better to issue his volume as an independent historical essay instead of as part of an educational series? He frightens off the very class of readers to whom his book would be most attractive, and, we fear, will not satisfy the students whom he wishes to reach; and it is to be regretted that in his spelling he has not consistently followed the Hunterian system. The merits or demerits of that system are not in question, but it is a comfort to have a canon to which writers can conform. Hyderabad, for instance, is now more often written Haiderabad, and it seems a little out of date now to use the more antiquated form to which our fathers were accustomed. For a future edition we should also advise Sir Alfred Lyall to correct the slips of calling Napoleon Emperor of France when he was Emperor of the French (p. 240), and of spelling Gujrat *Guzerat* in the Table of Contents. As a brilliant essay this little volume is well worthy of the author's high reputation, and we hope and believe it will obtain

many readers who would not study a dry history, and who will obtain an admirable conception of the growth of the British Empire in India from its pages.

AN ANTHROPOLOGIST ON A CLASSIC.

THE ATTIS OF CATULLUS. Translated, with Dissertations, by Grant Allen. London: David Nutt.

MR. GRANT ALLEN is fortunate in the materials of his book. The *Attis* of Catullus, the myth of *Attis*, tree-worship, and the galliambic metre, are subjects upon which it is hard to be wholly in the wrong or entirely dull, for they are equally delightful and debatable. The poet, the classical scholar, and the scientific anthropologist are here united in the person of Mr. Grant Allen, and he maintains his triplicity well. We need waste no words upon the incomparable poem of Catullus: its splendour and speed and passion. It is the finest expression of orgiastic fury and faith in all antiquity—a flawless and classical piece of writing, yet alive with all the fires of frenzy. Lucretius has grandly chanted the Mighty Mother, turreted, processional, august, moving from city to city; she is the great Cybele of civility. Apuleius depicts the grovelling and sensual horde of her priests—filthy devotees, greedy impostors; theirs is the degraded Cybele of vulgarity. But Catullus gives us the elemental passion of fierce asceticism in all its savage beauty and wild devotion. Anthropologists can find in it the very heart and soul of those primitive ecstasies which have filled religious rites, the whole earth over, with bloodshed and frantic madness. Not a word but tells. Some words are deliberately formed in a cunning way to produce effects of breathless rapidity and excitement. It cannot be translated; it is enough to say of Mr. Grant Allen's version that no extant English version excels it, except the rendering, strangely unnoticed by Mr. Grant Allen, of Mr. Robinson Ellis. Among recent translations from the classics it certainly holds a high place, and it shares a certain vitality and intensity with Mr. Symonds' recent version of Bion's "Lament for Adonis." The magnificent original, indeed, has hardly received due praise or popularity among the general public of readers, to whom Catullus is little but a passionate singer of "lyric love."

But the paramount interest of this book lies in its two disquisitions upon the meaning of the *Attis* myth and upon the meaning of tree-worship. The poem is full of the liveliest interest for students of certain early beliefs and practices, those connected with tree-worship, the "spirit in the woods," the divinities of vegetation. Mr. Grant Allen follows Mr. Frazer, that fascinating scholar, in his representation of *Attis*—differing only in a few points of interpretation. Both see in *Attis*, as in *Adonis*, a god of the fields, slain yearly; slain in the person of a human victim in those savage times, but symbolised by an effigy afterwards. Mr. Frazer has set out this argument with admirable skill and learning, and we have no choice left but to accept it; but before passing on to other matters, let us, as in parenthesis, make a suggestion. Virgil, in his second *Georgic*, has these familiar lines:—

"Et te, Bacche, vocant per carmina laeta, tibique
Oscilla ex alta suspendunt mollia pinu."

These "oscilla," or masks of the god, are commonly treated as half-charms, half-idols; is it possible that they symbolise the death of the Latin Dionysus, god of the vine, once slain himself? Virgil's interpretation, that wherever the god, blown by the wind, "showed his honest face," he brought fertility, reads like an ingenious late explanation of an ancient custom—the lightness of the images, swinging in the wind, was probably no part of their original design. The pine-tree also looks significant, as Mr. Grant Allen may allow, but we remit our suggestion to professed scholars and anthropologists.

Mr. Grant Allen's longest essay is of exceeding interest, and full of ingenious suggestions. It at-

tempts to supplement and complete the theory of Mr. Frazer by correlating it with the theory of Mr. Spencer; and this by the interpolation of a third theory of his own. First, he says, comes ghost-worship of dead ancestors, who become gods and divine spirits; next, the worship of the sacred stones, their monuments, and of the sacred trees or crops, or vegetation of any kind, which spring from the soil of burial, fertilised, it may often be, by plenteous offerings and libations; then, the worship of the god or spirit, passed out of his first human ancestral position, and now a divinity of the woods or fields—embodied in a human victim first, later in a representative beast. Mr. Frazer, as Mr. Grant Allen observes, nowhere seems to accept the animism of Mr. Spencer—the derivation of primitive worship from the ancestral ghost. This, to Mr. Grant Allen, is a certain truth, and he dexterously brings Mr. Spencer and Mr. Frazer into line, by showing how from the place and circumstances and characteristics of sepulture may have sprung up the train of thought which led primitive theologians from the ancestral ghost to the spirit of vegetation: from the spirit of a dead man to the power embodied in tree, or stalk, or beast, or effigy. It is ingenious, but the difficulty lies, not in Mr. Grant Allen's ingenious reconciliation so much as in Mr. Spencer's or Dr. Tylor's, animistic theories. Granted Mr. Spencer's theory, and granted Mr. Frazer's, they must be reconciled; but are both theories to be granted? We confess that Mr. Frazer's position seems more warranted by the evidence than Mr. Spencer's. Dr. Martineau, in six weighty pages of his "Study of Religion," brings to bear upon animism, in its accepted sense, most pregnant criticism, and his arguments are such as must appeal to many minds. He insists that self-consciousness, personal identity, permanence of self, is the ultimate fact of all human conceptions about the soul—that "breath," "shadow," "image," "these ghostly terms, far from indicating the objective and perceptive origin of our idea of the soul, are a sign of exactly the reverse; they are selected precisely because they verge upon the very zero of objectivity, and mark the extreme but vain struggle of language to take the final step into the purely subjective. Instead of first turning other people into ghosts, and then appropriating one to ourselves by way of imitation, we start, I apprehend, from the sense of personal continuity, and then predicate the same of others under the figures which keep most clear of the physical and perishable." Certainly it is hard to realise how from the vague, vanishing impressions of dreams a primitive or savage mind could derive its conception of personal survival after death; but that conception being aboriginal, however dimly and obscurely, such elusive, intangible impressions would appropriately symbolise the "soul," so strongly felt but vaguely envisaged.

"Man's soul, and it's a fire, smoke—no, it's not—

It's vapour done up like a new-born babe—

In that shape when you die it leaves your mouth—

It's— Well, what matters talking? it's the soul!"—

wrangled Browning's monks—much, we take it, to the same result as savage theologians. Without defining it in set terms, "the soul" must have been apprehended in Aristotle's phrase as the form or truth of the body; that which is, and makes *me*, and endures. This idea does not stand in the way of ghost-worship; it stands behind it. Polytheism may, probably did, spring from the worship of dead ancestors, but the impulse to worship is another matter. Now, in the fruits of the earth, and all green things, the principle of life through death, the second life, the decay and the spring, are patent facts; primitive man, like St. Paul, may have drawn his obvious analogy. Spirits, the souls of the crops and trees, are easily to be imagined: their failing strength, their actual death, and all the sacrificial rites that came of that conception. In a word, we believe that behind all savage practices and beliefs of a religious character lies

implicit the consciousness of self, as a thing that is permanent: the recognition of an undying principle in one's own nature, and so, by natural analogy, in all natural things. The world is full of souls, in sticks and stones and leaves and feathers: one's own soul may be shut up in a box: one may have many souls: it is but emphasising the infinite reality of things, their accompanying element of spiritual life. You may worship the ghost of your king; but while he lived, you worshipped him. In either case, you worship something "eternal and not yourself." When spirits throng your dreams, you have a flying vision of its likeness.

A SHOWMAN'S LIFE.

FIFTY YEARS OF A SHOWMAN'S LIFE. By Van Hare. London: Sampson Low.

THERE are many sorts of "books which are not books"—and some of them do not by any means deserve reprobation. There are those multitudinous works of reference which nobody would ever think of reading for his pleasure, and which few, if any, could do without. And then there are those records of real life, with no pretensions to literary style or form, which are to books proper what the instantaneous photograph is to the picture. They are the raw material of literature, and, when accepted frankly as such, often have a great charm of their own, independent of ulterior usefulness. Here, as elsewhere, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. The sailor or explorer with absolutely no claims to any tincture of letters is eminently readable and often delightful: as in Dampier's Voyages and many of the narratives in Hakluyt. (It must be owned, however, that the honest tars who dictated the latter were not always capable of telling a plain story in a plain way. It is no easy task, for instance, to unravel the yarn spun by one Thomas Sanders, in the year 1584, concerning his captivity in Tripoli, and, personally, we own we have had to give it up in despair.) But, on the other hand, there is nothing in heaven or earth more repulsive than the book, so-called, of the half-educated traveller, with his periphrases, his flowers of rhetoric, and his aimless quotations. Of such we have known some, but name no names.

Mr. Van Hare belongs rather to the former than the latter category. He tells his story in a straightforward, business-like way; and those of us (and they are many) for whom "the road" and all that appertains to it—gipsies, tinkers, caravans, shows, circuses, and the like—have an irresistible fascination, will thank him. Of special interest will be the account of his adventures in Spain, where he made his headquarters at Cadiz, and did very good business among the pleasure-loving Andalusians. He also made a provincial tour accompanied by a number of young Spanish gentlemen who were wild to display their accomplishments as amateur gymnasts, and regarded the whole thing in the light of a frolic. It is hardly the sort of amusement one would expect the sons of the hidalgos to delight in, but they seem to have liked it amazingly, and to have behaved like good fellows to Mr. Van Hare, to whom the trip was less of an amusement and more of an anxiety. He also made an adventurous journey to the West Coast of Africa, in order to catch gorillas, in the course of which he made acquaintance with our old friend King Quenqueza, for whom see Du Chaillu and Winwood Reade. Moreover, he went up to the Fan country, and interviewed the cannibal king thereof. The most important result of this journey was the gorilla afterwards known as Hassan, of whose long and difficult training as a performing ape we have a full account. By-the-bye, we should like to know for certain what became of Hassan. We are left to suppose that he was one of the animals which died at Hamburg during their proprietor's absence (p. 398). Altogether the book is interesting reading, and a great deal of out-of-the-way information may be gathered from it. It impresses one like

the conversation of a shrewd but unbookish man—say, a sailor or gamekeeper—who has read little and seen much: than which there is nothing more attractive. Mr. Irving Montagu's illustrations are scarcely an addition to the volume—but perhaps the method of reproduction is to blame.

FICTION.

THE CHILDREN OF THE KING: A TALE OF SOUTHERN ITALY. By F. Marion Crawford. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

LOU. By Baron von Roberts. Translated from the German by Jessie Haynes. London: Heinemann.

MRS. GRUNDY AT HOME. By Charles T. C. James, author of "Holy Wedlock." London: Ward & Downey.

TIME AND THE WOMAN. A Novel. By Richard Pryce, author of "Miss Maxwell's Affections," etc. Two vols. London: Methuen & Co.

THE DEVIL'S DIAMOND. By Richard Marsh. London: Henry & Co.

MR. CRAWFORD'S latest story is little more than a sketch, but it is instinct with his peculiar qualities, and full of those details of modern Italian life which he has mastered so thoroughly. Ruggiero the boatman, who, with his brother Bastianello, has led from infancy so hard a life, is brought in contact with a lovely girl, whose mother, a newly ennobled Marchesa, is desirous of marrying her to Ruggiero's employer, the Conte San Miniato. The latter is an impoverished profligate of ancient birth, who hopes by a marriage with Donna Beatrice to replenish his fortunes at the cost of a young girl's happiness. Now Ruggiero the boatman, who all through his life has been distinguished by his indifference to female charms, suddenly falls a victim to those of Donna Beatrice. The hopelessness of his passion is of course apparent even to himself. He can never hope to marry the high-born lady, nor even to inspire her with love like his own, but he can worship her, and perhaps, in some happy moment, serve her. There is no need to say that such a situation as we have here is one in dealing with which Mr. Crawford is peculiarly happy. The delicate touches by which the awakening of Donna Beatrice to the passionate devotion of her humble admirer is indicated are admirable; nor is the way in which the limitations of her own feelings with regard to Ruggiero are made known to us less praiseworthy. She has promised to marry a man whom she does not love, chiefly because she herself does not know what love is. When the revelation of Ruggiero's passion awakens her to some knowledge of the truth, though she is not drawn to the boatman by any responding ardour, she can distinguish between the reality of his devotion and the mock homage of the man to whom she is betrothed. As the days pass and that appointed for her marriage draws near, life becomes very dark for her, and even those around her can see that she is struggling against her fate, shrinking from the prospect of union with a man whom she is rapidly learning to despise. Ruggiero sees this more clearly than anybody else, and resolves to save the woman he loves from the fate she dreads. He keeps his word, but in what manner it would not be fair to Mr. Crawford to reveal.

"Lou" is a notable addition to Mr. Heinemann's International Library. Baron von Roberts is not yet known to the English reader, and he could hardly have a better introduction than that which is furnished by this excellent translation of his most touching and beautiful story. In sentiment, delicacy of manipulation, and grace of style the author belongs rather to the French than the German school of fiction. "Lou" is, after all, but a dainty trifle, though a trifle constructed with consummate art. A Nubian slave sold by his tyrannical captor to a French gentleman, who forthwith installs him as his favourite servant in his residence in Paris—this is Lou; and the story merely tells us of his love for Zeppa, his master's dog, and for Lili the small Parisienne who first tries to teach him to speak

French. His is a simple soul, better fitted for the dim half-lights of Nubia than for the glare of the Boulevards; but though his outlook is only misty and vague, love and loyalty are in his heart, and a capacity for suffering which lifts him to a higher level than that of the negro slave. His fidelity to Zeppa, the great dog, is the main theme of the book; but the tragedy of the tale comes into it with the woman who is its faulty heroine, and who, after rescuing Lou from the depths of despair, finishes her task by breaking his heart. A tender little book, pure in sentiment as in style, "Lou" ought to have a warm welcome from the British public.

In "Mrs. Grundy at Home" Mr. James gives that good lady no quarter; nor ought he to do so if she is all that he paints her as being. Certainly no more odious picture of provincial society has ever been painted than that of Drizzlington-in-the-Marshes. It is a society composed exclusively of women of a certain age and uncertain temper, each one of whom seems to be more odious and despicable than her neighbours. Of course there are men in the story, but with one exception they are merely colourless and valueless appendages to the women. Into this company of back-biting, scandal-loving, narrow-minded, malicious, and utterly contemptible females, an unfortunate orphan, who has just left school, is suddenly plunged. From the first the ladies of Drizzlington do their best to make her life miserable, but it was not until she had committed the sin of walking in the twilight with a married man that she felt the full extent of Mrs. Grundy's power. There are rude and, we may hope, impossible scenes of almost violent cruelty in which the young girl is the victim; there is an innocent elopement and a terrible scandal, and, happily, there is a peaceful ending to the tale. Mr. James writes with a purpose, and he smites Mrs. Grundy with tremendous zest. That lady doubtless deserves all she gets, but the misfortune is that if Mr. James's book should by any chance fall into her hands, she will never recognise her own likeness in the portrait he draws.

After all, there are worse people in the world than Mrs. Grundy, as, for example, the heroine of "Time and the Woman." Mrs. Ruthven, the lady in question, has long since been given up by Mrs. Grundy. A typical grass-widow, selfish and unprincipled, she has come to England bent upon having a good time in the absence of the husband she has long ago learned to detest. Rich, good-looking, and eminently attractive, she is in a fair way to the attainment of her object, and has already surrounded herself by a crowd of idle young men who find the sunshine only in her smiles. But there is a fly in the ointment, in the shape of the daughter almost grown up who has been waiting in England through many weary years for the dim and visionary mother in India. Mrs. Ruthven is one of those married ladies to whom "girls" are an abomination; and the fact that this particular girl is her own daughter by no means diminishes her aversion to the species. Poor Araby has a rude awakening to the real character of the mother she had worshipped so long at a distance. Matters become worse when Mrs. Ruthven discovers that the most eligible of her own young men is on the point of falling in love with her daughter. It does not move her at all that Araby has manifestly given her heart all unasked to the gentleman in question. Henceforward her mission in life is to get Araby out of her way, so that she may no longer spoil her game; from this point Mr. Pryce's story is hardly pleasant reading. The innocent girl is no match for the heartless woman-of-the-world, and though love may be strong as death there is one force that is stronger still—the force of circumstances. Mr. Pryce, with great skill and subtlety, shows us how circumstances, when manipulated by a cruel and unscrupulous woman, may be made more terrible than fate itself. There is no trace of Mrs. Grundy in "Time and the Woman," nor any taint of provincialism. On the contrary, we breathe in it the free air of

the end of the century, and move through scenes of latter-day smart life. But, upon the whole, we think that even the atmosphere of Drizzlington-in-the-Marshes is to be preferred to that of Mayfair as we find it in "Time and the Woman."

"The Devil's Diamond" is a wonderful gem, of fabulous value, which has the faculty of bringing misfortunes of every kind upon the man who happens to own it, and which, unfortunately for its possessor, cannot be parted with except as a free gift. Mr. Samuel Hookham receives the diamond as a legacy from his brother, with whom he had once quarrelled. Samuel is rich—very—but, like some other rich men, the more his wealth increases the more he loves it. "Knowing your character as I do," writes his brother in the letter in which he conveys the undesirable diamond to him, "I am aware that you will never be able to give away a stone of the value of £20,000." Mr. Marsh simply tells us the story of the diamond for the few days during which it is in the possession of Samuel Hookham. A marvellous story it is. The author draws freely upon the supernatural, and puts the stone, and those who are brought in contact with it, through a series of adventures which it would puzzle the Psychical Society and Mr. Stead to explain. Perhaps if Mr. Marsh had possessed a keener sense of humour, he might have produced a more convincing volume. As it is, the reader must have a strong faith in the supernatural and the impossible before he can read the narrative with ordinary comfort. Nevertheless, it certainly has merits of its own. Nothing, for example, could be more thrilling than the account of the adventures of the diamond when one ill-fated afternoon it was exhibited in the Sphinx's Cave, a place of entertainment where conjuring performances were given in Piccadilly.

Here the diamond freely confirms its evil reputation by injuring all the persons who attempt to lay hands upon it, and by finally killing one audacious individual who manifests a desire to become its purchaser. It is in keeping with the feast of unreason to which Mr. Marsh invites us that the gentleman who is thus slain one day is brought to life the next. For those who can relish a tale which is not so much extravagant as impossible, "The Devil's Diamond" will certainly have charms; but, despite the skill with which it is written and the cleverness of many of the episodes, it can hardly be recommended to the intelligent reader who requires either humour or some attention to natural laws in his fiction.

THE HOURS OF LABOUR.

A SHORTER WORKING DAY. By R. A. Hadfield, of Hadfield's Steel Foundry Company, Sheffield; and H. de B. Gibbins, M.A., Oxford University Prizeman in Political Economy. London: Methuen & Co.

THIS little book contains much statistical and other information concerning the Eight Hours Question—not too much, however, for the patience of the general reader—and it is brought well up to date. It is written by an "economic student" and a "man of business," but the student belongs to the new school, and relies more on such data as the working of the Factory Acts and current wages and prices in Australia than he does on the abstract arguments of old-fashioned economists. Just enough is said about the wages fund and the true theory of wages to enable the reader who has been misguided at school to take an intelligent view of the ratio which is found to exist between wages and output. All the evidence brought forward—whether gathered from Government returns, Mr. Sidney Webb's book, Dr. Bauer's "Arbeiterfragen in Australasien," or the pages of the *Economic Journal*—is in favour of a reduction of hours, for it shows that it has not hitherto been attended by any loss either to the workmen themselves or to the general body of consumers. Perhaps Mr. Gibbins attaches too much weight to the prosperous condition of industry in Australia. Even conceding that the success of the eight hours day in that country is due to the superior intelligence and physique of the workman, it may well be doubted whether this is not mainly owing to the influence of climatic and other surroundings. It might take generations to raise the standard of work in England to the same level. The results attending a decrease of hours in the mining industry at home, in which an eight hours day already practically exists, are far more instructive. Mr. Hadfield also furnishes

valuable testimony in connection with the engineering, ship-building, and other trades. It is based partly on his own experience, and partly on the answers he has received from employers who have had the courage to try the experiment. He lays special stress on the advantages gained by abolishing the breakfast interval, and beginning work at a later hour. It is true that in the instances quoted the shorter day is a recent introduction, but the results so far are most encouraging. One plank in the Socialist platform is shown to be utterly rotten: namely, the demand for an eight hours' day in the interest of the unemployed. The result of increasing the efficiency of the workman is to thrust down the incompetent artisan into the already overstocked ranks of unskilled labour. The authors do not, of course, propose the immediate enactment of a universal eight hours' day. It must be established first of all in those trades in which there is a general feeling in its favour. And the only means by which labourers can secure effective legislation are by making use of their power at the polls to form a genuine Labour Party and by developing the resources of trades-unionism.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

WHEN Dr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, was beginning his ministry at Carrs Lane Chapel in that town, the late Professor Henry Rogers was training students for the ministry in the neighbouring college at Spring Hill. The two men were thus brought a good deal into contact, and the younger, in the frank intercourse of friendly walks and visits, found himself admitted on equal terms to close intimacy with his former tutor. This circumstance lends special interest to the biographical sketch of Henry Rogers which Dr. Dale has just written for the new edition—the eighth, by the way—of “The Super-Human Origin of the Bible.” It is not too much to say that Henry Rogers was one of the most remarkable men which English Non-conformity has produced in the present century, and if he had written nothing but “The Eclipse of Faith” his reputation as a thinker and writer on the highest of all themes would have passed unchallenged. The book appeared in the spring of 1852 and ran rapidly through many editions, and it won the praises of men as far apart as Archbishop Whately and Lord Macaulay. Sir James Stephen and the Rev. Thomas Binney. The ground of controversy has shifted since then, but “The Eclipse of Faith” still merits, to some extent, the praise which was given it when it appeared by the *Quarterly Review*, for it remains a permanent addition to the “philosophical literature of England and to the defensive armoury of Christendom.” The book before us was published in 1874 as the first of a series of lectures projected by the Congregational Union of England and Wales on somewhat similar lines to the Bampton at Oxford. The aim of the volume is to show that the Bible is “not such a book as man would have made if he could, or could have made if he would.” Dr. Dale says, with justice, that there are passages in “The Super-Human Origin of the Bible” which, for grace, vigour, and ease, are scarcely surpassed in any of its author's earlier writings. Henry Rogers was for twenty-seven years a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, and in its pages some of his best literary work appeared. He was a master of reasoning, and he taught the students, who delighted to gather around him, first at University College, London, then at Spring Hill College, Birmingham, and finally at Lancashire College, Manchester, to think clearly and fearlessly. He was a man of broad culture, lively wit, and generous sympathies, and his logical acumen was as conspicuous as his moral insight. Dr. Dale declares that the home of the intellect and heart of Henry Rogers was with Butler, Pascal, Burke, Plato, and Leibnitz, and he thinks that their intellectual ascendancy over him was in the order in which he has placed their names.

Encouraged by the success of his previous book on “Essex,” Mr. Barrett has just brought out a second series of descriptive papers on what he himself is pleased to term the “highways, byways, and waterways” of that historic, though scarcely picturesque county. He has already portrayed with pen and pencil the boroughs and small towns of the district, and accordingly he now plays the showman to the villages and manor-houses, and as we ramble in imagination by his side, we pick up

a good deal of quaint and often curious local information about places like Newport, with its ancient hospital for lepers; Brightlingsea, with its handsome church, and its memories of Thomas Cromwell; Faulkbourne Hall, a Tudor building of rare beauty, and perhaps the most picturesque house in Essex; Ingatestone Hall, a veritable house of many gables, with a celebrated lime avenue, which is described in “Lady Audley's Secret.” The book, like its predecessor, abounds in historical allusions and genial gossip, and Mr. Barrett once more, in the clever illustrations which are scattered through its pages, shows his keen appreciation of beauty in scenery and architecture.

History is now taught as an optional class subject in all standards in the Board schools, and the Education Department has determined that one of the three books used for reading in the higher grades shall be devoted exclusively to English history. The requirements of the new code in this direction have just been to some degree met by two admirable historical manuals, which Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P., has compiled. “Things New and Old” is the title of this new series of school readers, and the volumes before us—which are adapted to the needs of the first two standards—consist of stories from English history of a picturesque and impressive kind, and, therefore, of a kind likely to make a direct appeal to the imagination of young children. The aim of the present series is to fulfil the exact requirements of the new code, and at the same time to enlist the sympathies of even the youngest scholars in such historical events as fairly lie within the compass of their understanding. Familiar words and, as far as possible, familiar ideas have been brought into play in this attempt, and no pupil with the least spark of intelligence can fail to grasp the significance of such a clear and graduated exposition of things old and new. Scattered through both volumes are many full-page and text illustrations, and this circumstance, it is scarcely necessary to add, greatly heightens the attractive character of such primary aids to knowledge.

The relation of “Betterment” to the general system of taxation is discussed in a vigorous, if somewhat one-sided manner, in Mr. Arthur Baumann's little volume. He examines at some length the practical working of this law of special assessment for benefits done to private property by public improvements, and he protests with some show of reason against the notion that the principle has been borrowed by the United States from English law. It is, of course, impossible here to compress within two or three lines a closely reasoned argument, the statement of which extends to more than a hundred pages. Mr. Baumann beats the big drum in defence of the rights of private property, but we venture to think that his fears in that respect are quite groundless, and if the worst comes to the worst, have we not his own assurance, “Property has its horns and will fight for its life”? Meanwhile the principles of equity, fortunately for the nation at large, are not falling into disrepute, and this circumstance perhaps accounts for the fact that property will not be allowed in coming days to shirk its duty. It is nonsense, however, to suppose that the London County Council or any other public body will be able, even if so minded, to override the just claims of property, but in the last extremity, having bellowed to its heart's content, it “has its horns,” and may be trusted—since the law of self-preservation is always seen at its best in the ranks of privilege—to “fight for its life.” There are owners of property, however, even in London, who look at this difficult problem from another and a broader point of view, and we presume such public spirited citizens are meant in an allusion in these pages to owners of property, who “apparently love their peace better than their property.” Mr. Baumann seems to recommend the public to form itself into a vigilance committee, in order to “watch closely the characters and ultimate aims of the men who dominate the London County Council.” Otherwise, and Mr. Baumann is least impressive when he is most prophetic, “London may come to play as sinister a part in the history of England as Paris has played in that of France; or its rôle may be merely scandalous, like that of the municipality of New York.” In spite of such gloomy prognostications, Mr. Baumann's little book is opportune, for it is always well to hear what can be said against a forward movement in any sphere of public life, as well as a relief to find, as in the present instance, that what is said does not amount to much.

A lively account of the every-day life of “soldiers at sea” during the passage to India on board one of Her Majesty's troopships has just appeared. The book is written in a manly, straightforward fashion by one who has roughed it in the ranks. The author's regiment was first ordered to Malta, and after a brief sojourn there proceeded to the East. We do not question that the record is as veracious as it is vivacious, for the stamp of reality is on these pages, and the humour which makes them, though never obtruded, is unmistakable. Men accustomed even to reasonably good living, are not likely to find a soldier's mess on board ship an agreeable experience; but it is some consolation to learn, on the authority of the writer of this book, that for the majority of men who enlist, the “living” is infinitely better than that to which they were accustomed before they took the Queen's shilling. Tommy Atkins, we are reminded, is generally on good terms with Jack Tar on shore; but it seems that he is disposed to resent the blue-jacket's patronising airs at

* THE SUPER-HUMAN ORIGIN OF THE BIBLE INFERRED FROM ITSELF. By Henry Rogers, with a Memoir by R. W. Dale, LL.D. Portrait. Eighth Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Crown 8vo. (5s.)

ESSEX HIGHWAYS, BYWAYS, AND WATERWAYS. Written and Illustrated by C. R. B. Barrett. Second Series. London: Lawrence & Bullen. Small 4to.

THINGS NEW AND OLD: OR, STORIES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY. By H. O. Arnold-Forster, Author of “The Citizen Reader,” etc. Standard I. and II. Illustrated. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

BETTERMENT: BEING THE LAW OF SPECIAL ASSESSMENT FOR BENEFITS IN AMERICA. By Arthur A. Baumann, B.A. London: Edward Arnold. Crown 8vo.

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sea, though friction of this kind, it is pleasant to think, almost invariably disappears amidst the familiarity inseparable from close quarters and the enforced leisure of a long voyage.

Miss Matson's fanciful book, "St. George and the Dragon," has won the honours of a second edition, and the opportunity has been seized to widen its scope. The old legend still lingers in Cornwall, and along its rocky, picturesque coast the haunts of the dragon are pointed out to the stranger, whilst the prowess of the national hero—a worthy defender of beauty in distress—is emblazoned here and there on the windows of ancient churches. Miss Matson has much to say not only about the growth and development of the legend of "St. George for Merrie England," but also concerning the wild beauty of the scenery of Cornwall.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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- THE YEAR-BOOK OF SCIENCE, 1892. Edited by Prof. T. G. Bonney, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S. (Cassell & Co.)
- ROUND THE GALLEY FIRE. IN THE MIDDLE WATCH. A VOYAGE TO THE CAPE. A BOOK FOR THE HAMMOCK. MYSTERY OF THE "OCEAN STAR." THE ROMANCE OF JENNY HARLOWE. AN OCEAN TRAGEDY. MY SHIPMATE. LOUISE. ALONE ON A WIDE, WIDE SEA. ON THE FO'K'SLE HEAD.—Novels, etc. By W. Clark Russell. A new edition. (Chatto & Windus.)
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- RULERS OF INDIA—THE MARQUESS OF HASTINGS, K.G. By Major Ross-of-Bladensburg, C.B., Coldstream Guards. (The Clarendon Press)
- THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER, Book IX. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID, Book I. LIVY, Book XXVII. Text, with Translation. By T. S. Peppin. The Classical Translation Library. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
- THE EARL OF ABERDEEN. By the Hon. Sir Arthur Gordon, G.C.M.G. THE QUEEN'S PRIME MINISTERS. Edited by Stuart J. Reid. (Sampson Low.)
- WESTERN STORIES. By William Atkinson. (W. & R. Chambers.)
- LADY VERNER'S FLIGHT. A Novel. By Mrs. Hungerford. Two vols. (Chatto & Windus.)
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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1893.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE House of Commons during the week has been in one of its business-like moods, and the political atmosphere has been lower by many degrees than it was during the previous week. But there are manifest signs of the determination of the enemies of Home Rule to do what they can to raise out-of-doors the violent passions which have for the moment subsided within the House itself. The brief letter of Lord Salisbury to the electors of Stockport, the Orange manifesto, and the articles in the Opposition newspapers, all bear evidence to the fact that the opponents of Home Rule mean to unite in a last furious attempt to rekindle the flames of hostility to the Irish people. There has, as yet, been no attempt on their part to examine into the merits of Mr. Gladstone's scheme. They prefer to abide by the simple formula, "No Home Rule at any price," and it is on this issue that they are fighting what they are pleased to term the "iniquitous Bill" of the Government.

AMONG Liberals a very different state of feeling prevails. The Bill has been received and considered upon its merits, and opinion runs almost universally in its favour. But upon two points there is a growing feeling that it will have to be altered in Committee. The financial clauses, though a great improvement upon those in the Bill of 1886, are not yet satisfactory either to Irish or British Home Rulers; whilst the feeling in favour of keeping the Irish members in full possession of their rights as members of Parliament grows visibly from day to day. It is to be hoped that in the debate on the Second Reading, Mr. Gladstone will be able to make a statement on this point satisfactory to his followers.

MEANWHILE, Ministers are pursuing the course which they marked out for themselves when they took office, with a vigour that seems to have a paralysing effect upon their opponents. This week has seen a great unfolding of the Ministerial programme. Mr. Fowler's Registration Bill is an excellent piece of work, which has been received with something like acclamation by both parties. Mr. Asquith's Employers' Liability Bill is straightforward and uncompromising, and here again no serious opposition is to be feared. The Welsh Church Suspensory Bill is of course a different matter. It will be fought with uncompromising vigour by the Opposition; but it will be supported by the full

strength of the Ministerialists—unless, indeed, some of the Welsh members, in their zeal to get the Church disestablished at once, should stand in the way of the preliminary measure.

PERHAPS the most notable success yet attained by Ministers was the carrying of the first reading of this Welsh Church Bill by a majority of fifty-six. The speech of the Home Secretary in moving the Bill was an uncompromising Disestablishment speech; but the arguments by which he supported his proposals had exclusive reference to the anomalies and abuses connected with the Establishment in Wales. The case he put before the House was so strong that the Opposition speakers hardly attempted to answer it. But unexpected life was imported into their proceedings by the remarkable speech in which Lord Randolph Churchill made a bold bid for the leadership of the Opposition. Lord Randolph had evidently been carefully posted up with "facts" by some authority of indifferent accuracy, and he came to sad grief when attempting to elaborate his case. But it was not on statistics that he relied so much as upon his favourite weapon of old—abuse of his adversary. The taunts and jeers he addressed across the table to Mr. Gladstone recalled the days of the Fourth Party, and his own most bellicose moods. They had the effect of drawing from Mr. Gladstone, just before midnight, a reply which was not only more vigorous but a hundred-fold happier and more effective than the attack; and then came the division and the splendid majority of fifty-six in favour of the Government. The days of the Welsh Establishment are clearly numbered.

As if these three Bills were not sufficient to complete the week's work, we have as part of the Ministerial programme the announcement by Mr. Fowler of the intention of the Government to appoint a small committee of five persons to prepare a scheme for the unification of the government of London—in other words, for the merging of the City, with its peculiar institutions, in the greater London administered by the County Council. Nor is this all. The Chancellor of the Exchequer on Monday will bring in his Licensing Bill, embodying the principle of local option, and his Bill for restricting each elector to a single vote will shortly follow. This will be a Reform Bill only less important in its character than that brought forward by Mr. Fowler on Monday. To the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster will, if we mistake not, be entrusted the measure for repealing the Septennial Act and shortening the duration of